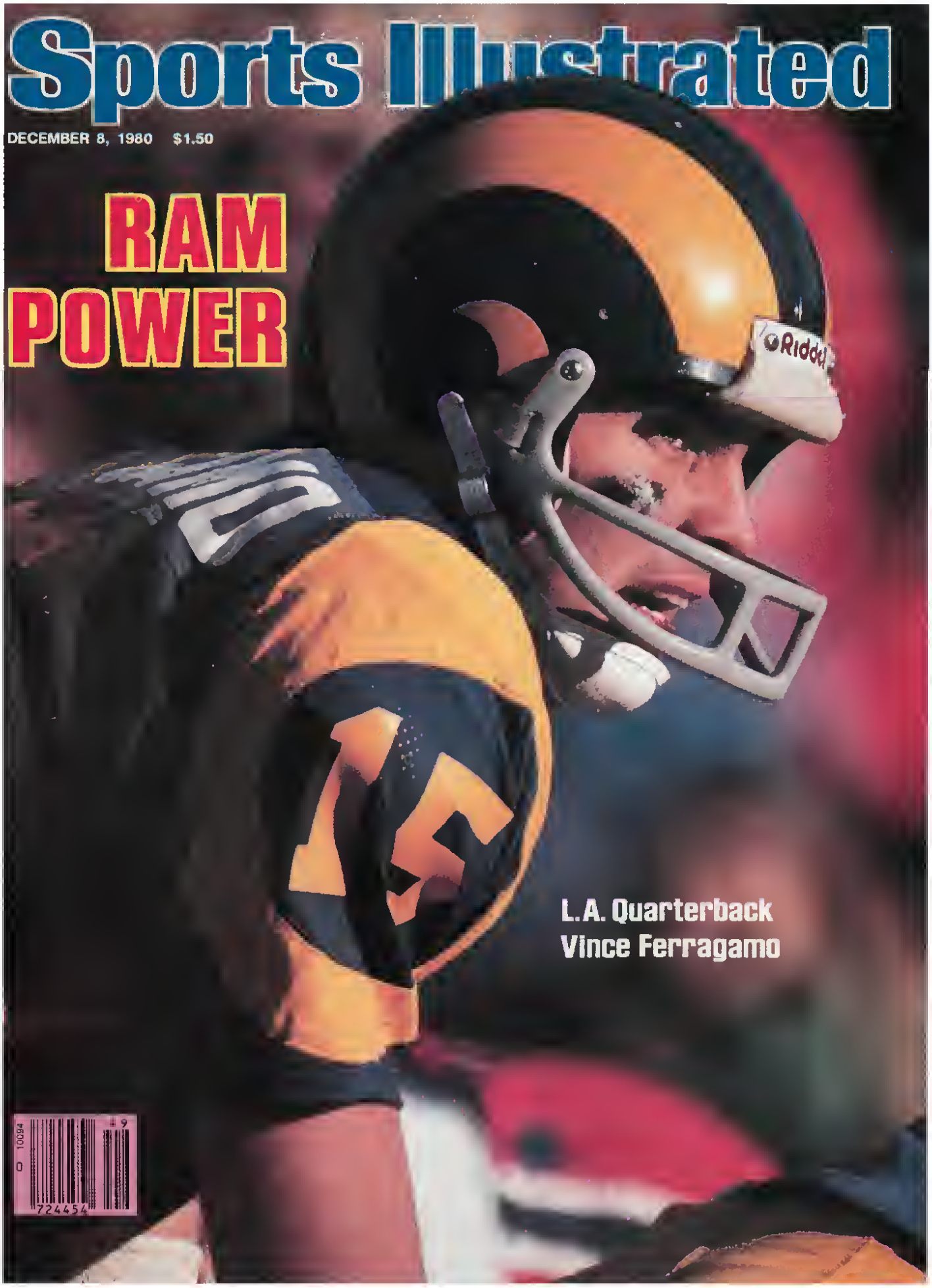
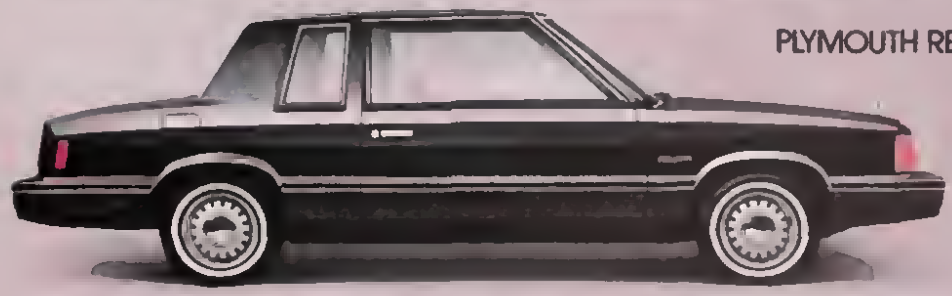

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PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K WAGON
$6,721†
40 24*
EST HWY EPA EST MPG



PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K SEDAN
$5,980†
41 25*
EST HWY EPA EST MPG



PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K COUPE
$5,880†
41 25*
EST HWY EPA EST MPG



PLYMOUTH TC 3 HATCHBACK
$6,149†
41 27*
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PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISER
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PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K SEDAN 41 25*

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PLYMOUTH CHAMP HATCHBACK 50 37*

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	EST HWY	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K CUSTOM WAGON	**40**	**24**	**6**	**FRONT**	**$8,721**
Oldsmobile Cutlass Wagon	30	21	6	REAR	$7,417
Chevrolet Malibu Wagon	26	19	6	REAR	$6,792
Pontiac LeMans Wagon	30	21	6	REAR	$7,316
Toyota Corona Wagon	37	25	5	REAR	$6,649
Datsun 810 Wagon	34	23	4	REAR	$7,929

PLYMOUTH RELIANT K CUSTOM WAGON STANDARD FEATURES • Trans-4 2.2-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power front disc and rear drum brakes • Concealed windshield wipers • AM radio (may be deleted for credit) • 69.2 cu. ft. of cargo volume (with rear seat down) • Custom all-vinyl bench seats • Radial tires • Woodgrain appliqué on instrument panel

	EST HWY	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K SEDAN	**41**	**25**	**5**	**FRONT**	**$5,990**
Chevrolet Citation 4-Dr. Hatchback	35	22	5	FRONT	$8,404
Buick Skylark 4-Dr. Sedan	35	22	5	FRONT	$6,551
Ford Granada 4-Dr. Sedan	34	23	5/6	REAR	$6,633
Oldsmobile Cutlass 4 Dr. Sedan	27	17	6	REAR	$6,955
Chevrolet Malibu 4-Dr. Sport Sedan	26	19	6	REAR	$6,614

PLYMOUTH RELIANT K SEDAN STANDARD FEATURES • Trans-4 2.2-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transaxle with overdrive • Color-keyed wraparound wide vinyl side molding • Concealed windshield wipers • Cloth-and-vinyl bench seats • Radial tires • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST HWY	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K COUPE	**41**	**25**	**5**	**FRONT**	**$5,880**
Chevrolet Citation 2-Dr. Hatchback	35	22	5	FRONT	$6,270
Oldsmobile Omega 2-Dr. Coupe	35	22	5	FRONT	$6,343
Buick Skylark 2-Dr. Coupe	35	22	5	FRONT	$6,405
Ford Fairmont 2-Dr. Sedan	34	23	5/6	REAR	$6,032
Ford Granada 2-Dr. Sedan	34	23	5/6	REAR	$6,474

PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K COUPE STANDARD FEATURES • Trans-4 2.2-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4 speed manual transaxle with overdrive • Color-keyed wraparound wide vinyl side molding • Concealed windshield wipers • Cloth-and-vinyl bench seats • Radial tires • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST HWY	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH TC3 2-DR. HATCHBACK	**41**	**27**	**5**	**FRONT**	**$6,149**
Honda Prelude	36	27	4	FRONT	$7,095
Datsun 200SX 2 Dr. Hatchback	39	28	4	REAR	$7,189
Ford Mustang 2-Dr. Hatchback	34	23	4	REAR	$6,408
Toyota Celica GT 2-Dr. Liftback	37	25	4	REAR	$7,209
VW Scirocco 2-Dr. Hatchback	40	25	4	FRONT	$8,495

PLYMOUTH TC3 STANDARD FEATURES • 4-cylinder 1.7-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4 speed manual transaxle • Tinted glass • Radial tires • Fold-down rear seat • Custom all-vinyl bucket seats • Sport steering wheel

	EST HWY	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISER 4-DR. LIFTBACK	**50**	**30**	**5**	**FRONT**	**$5,299**
Ford Escort L 4 Dr. Liftgate	42	27	4	FRONT	$5,814
VW Rabbit L 4 Dr. Liftback	42	28	4	FRONT	$6,520
Datsun 510 4-Dr. Hatchback	41	30	4	REAR	$6,639
Toyota Corolla Deluxe 4-Dr. Sedan	39	28	4	REAR	$5,458
Chevrolet Chevette 4 Dr. Liftback	39	30	4	REAR	$5,394

PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISER STANDARD FEATURES • 4-cylinder 1.7-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4 speed manual transaxle • Radial tires • Multifunction steering column lever • Fold-down rear seat (liftback utility) • All-vinyl bucket seats • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST HWY	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH CHAMP HATCHBACK	**50**	**37**	**5**	**FRONT**	**$4,988**
Ford Escort 3-Dr. Hatchback	44	30	4	FRONT	$5,158
Toyota Tercel Liftback	46	34	5	FRONT	$5,058
Datsun 310 2-Dr. Hatchback	42	32	4	FRONT	$5,189
Honda Accord	36	27	4	FRONT	$6,449
Chevrolet Chevette 2-Dr.	39	30	4	REAR	$5,255

PLYMOUTH CHAMP HATCHBACK STANDARD FEATURES • 1.4-liter OHC MCA Jet engine with hemispherical combustion chambers • Electronic ignition • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power front disc brakes • 4 speed manual transaxle • Steel-belted radial whitewall tires • Tripodometer, temperature and fuel gauges • Reclining bucket seats • Folding rear seat • Front and rear bumper guards

*Use EPA EST. MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Calif. ests. lower.

†**Base sticker prices. Comparisons based on sticker prices, unadjusted for differences in levels of standard equipment. Destination charges, title and taxes extra.** W.S.W. $51 extra on Reliant, $52 extra on Horizon and $58 extra on TC3.

**Based on projected fleet average of 28.1 MPG.

***Based on 1981 EPA ratings of vehicles with 24 EPA EST. MPG or higher.

****$6721 or less.

Why has front-wheel-drive become the wave of the future?

Fuel-efficiency.

The new front-wheel-drive technology mounts the engine sideways over the front drive wheels for direct power

Then it takes the bulky transmission, drive shaft and rear differential out of the way of the passenger compartment. And moves them all up front with the engine to form a single compact power train unit

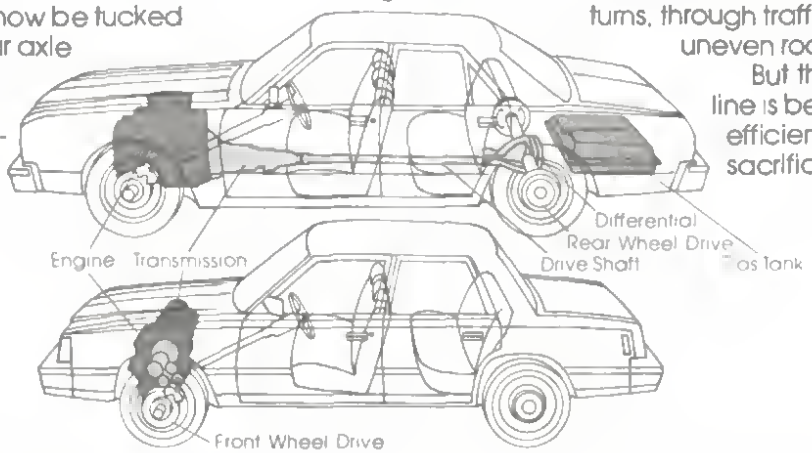
The gas tank can now be tucked safely in front of the rear axle and out of the way of the trunk

This simple, space-efficient design allows a roomy passenger and luggage compartment in a smaller high-mileage car

That's not all. With the weight of engine and power train directly over the front drive wheels, you get better traction in snow, rain and on slippery surfaces.

And because front-wheel-drive pulls a car rather than pushes it from behind, you get a great sense of stability and precision around turns, through traffic and over uneven road surfaces

But the bottom line is better fuel-efficiency without sacrifice of room



Why Plymouth front-wheel-drive?

Plymouth advanced, state-of-the-art, front-wheel-drive technology is acknowledged throughout the industry. We've had the benefit of over 11 billion miles of owner experience with fuel-efficient front-wheel-drive cars in America That's more than Ford or GM. More than Datsun or Toyota. And we're just warming up.

Plymouth now has more different kinds of high-mileage front-wheel-drive cars than any other nameplate.††

Foreign or domestic

Most of the cars we sell today are high-mileage front-wheel-drive The new Trans-4 engines, standard in most of our domestic front-wheel-drive cars, are specifically designed and engineered for front-wheel-drive. This not only makes them exceptionally fuel-efficient, it also makes them wonderfully easy to service because most things are up-front, on-top where you can easily reach them.

Plymouth front-wheel-drive cars share in our new mileage breakthrough—an advanced electronic fuel-control system that continuously monitors and adjusts engine timing and air/fuel ratio for optimum efficiency. Result: Plymouth is the mileage leader in more classes than any other nameplate.†† American or import.

Plymouth front-wheel-drive cars are designed and engineered so carefully that they have traditional resale leadership.

In fact, our Horizon has the highest resale record of any car built in America, based on recent Automotive Market Reports of 1979 models with automatic transmissions.

Plymouth has been able to achieve all this and still maintain competitive prices In fact, Plymouth has more of America's lowest-priced front-wheel-drive cars than anyone else.

And think about this. If everyone drove a Plymouth front-wheel-drive car, America wouldn't have to import one drop of OPEC oil for gasoline.†††

Plymouth

The American Way To Beat The Pump.

†† Based on EPA categories ††† Based on 25 EPA EST. MPG rating and 15,000 annual miles vs. current 14 MPG avg. for 110 million U.S. cars. (44% of our OPEC oil is made into gasoline.)

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Next Week

THE GREENING OF THE BROWNS is nearly complete as Cleveland now leads Pittsburgh and Houston in the AFC Central. Paul Zimmerman checks out the Browns against the Jets after scouting the Steelers-Oilers game on Thursday night.

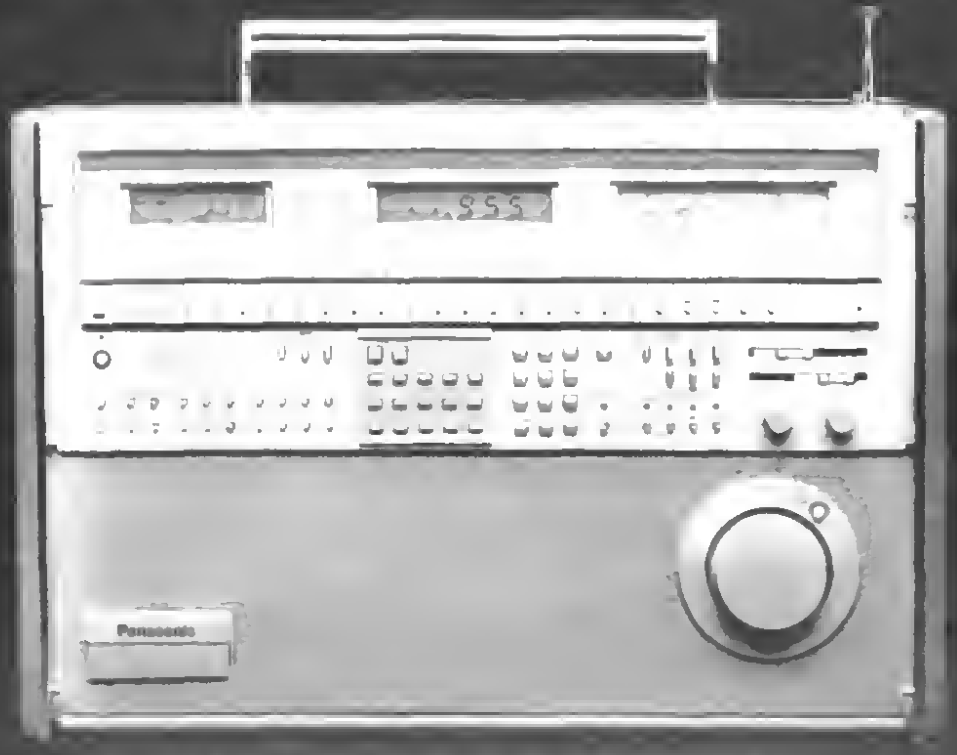
SOME BIG CATS from Kentucky, heavy favorite in the SEC, challenge a pair of Big Ten basketball powers, Ohio State and Indiana. Curry Kirkpatrick will be on hand for the big interleague showdowns in Lexington, Ky. and Bloomington, Ind.

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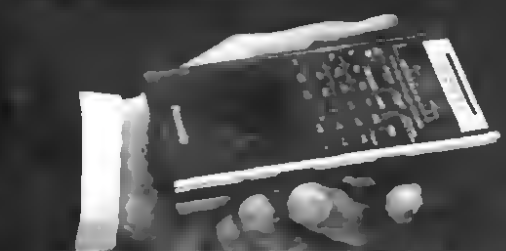
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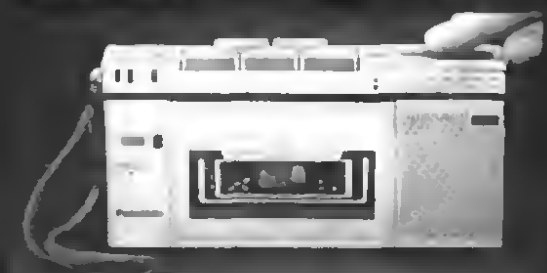
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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

THE LEAD-SHOT DISPUTE, OR WHY THE FEDS SHOULD RUN THE GAME—AND FISH

Research concerning the poisoning of waterfowl by lead shot has been conducted by conservationists, ammunition manufacturers and state fish and game departments throughout most of this century. Briefly described, here's the problem: It's estimated that American hunters deposit 3,000 tons of lead pellets annually in lakes, ponds and marshes across the country. In waterfowl habitat where the soil is relatively hard and the water shallow, birds invariably ingest these pellets while feeding. It is believed that in the U.S. at least 6% of the waterfowl ingest at least one lead pellet each year. The mortality rate from lead poisoning is thought to be 2% to 3% of the fall population of all species, and that means that between 1.6 and 2.4 million ducks die each year.

The search for a non-toxic substitute for lead has been going on for more than 30 years. The many materials tested have included lead with non-metallic coatings, lead coated with various non-lead alloys, lead alloyed with other metals, water soluble lead, lead-glass beads and lead-iron shot. But each of these was found to have a toxicity equal to or greater than that of lead, and it became clear that steel would be the only suitable substitute.

Finally, on March 20, 1976, Secretary of the Interior Thomas Kleppe announced a plan for the progressive implementation of rules stipulating the use of steel shot. It was to be required at designated areas of the Atlantic Flyway in 1976, in areas of the Mississippi Flyway in 1977 and in areas of the Central and Pacific flyways in 1978.

It all sounded reasonable enough on paper. But hunters immediately began to complain. Their objections were that steel shot costs more, that the harder steel shot would ruin the barrels of their shotguns and that steel shot isn't as efficient as lead and would result in fewer birds bagged and more birds crippled.

There's some truth in the first of these claims. Steel-shot shells can cost as much as 50% more than lead-shot shells, but for the average duck hunter, the extra amount spent on steel-shot shells would increase his total annual expenditures on the sport by only 4%. Besides, the price of lead is rising faster than the price of steel and the technology of manufacturing steel shot is still new, so it's reasonable to assume that in a few years steel shot will become economically competitive and as equally available as lead shot.

According to every study I've seen—and I think I've seen 'em all, dozens of them over the years—the other complaints so often made by hunters have been found to have no substance.

Most early research comparing the crippling rates of steel and lead shot was conducted in laboratories or took the form of semi-controlled field studies. Recent studies have been undertaken under actual hunting conditions and have substantiated the findings of the earlier tests—that there's no significant difference in the crippling rates of lead and steel. If anything, tests prove that steel is actually more efficient. Despite this, hunters persist in their prejudice against steel. In a 1978 study conducted at the Tule Lake National Wildlife Refuge in California, hunters made negative comments about shells they used that they thought held steel shot, when in fact the shells held lead. And they praised shot that they'd been told was lead—but was actually steel.

The arms and ammunition industry has studied the effects of the harder steel shot on gun barrels and concluded that modern American-made single-barrel shotguns with full chokes, the type of guns used by the majority of duck hunters, showed no damage from steel shot that would have any measurable effect on performance.

One might reasonably think that when a sufficient number of hunters had been made aware of the above facts, the steel-shot regulations would've gained popular acceptance, been implemented on a broader scale and finally accomplished what they were designed to do. Unfortunately, this hasn't been the case, because state politics, not concern for poisoned ducks, became the primary consideration in the lead-steel dispute.

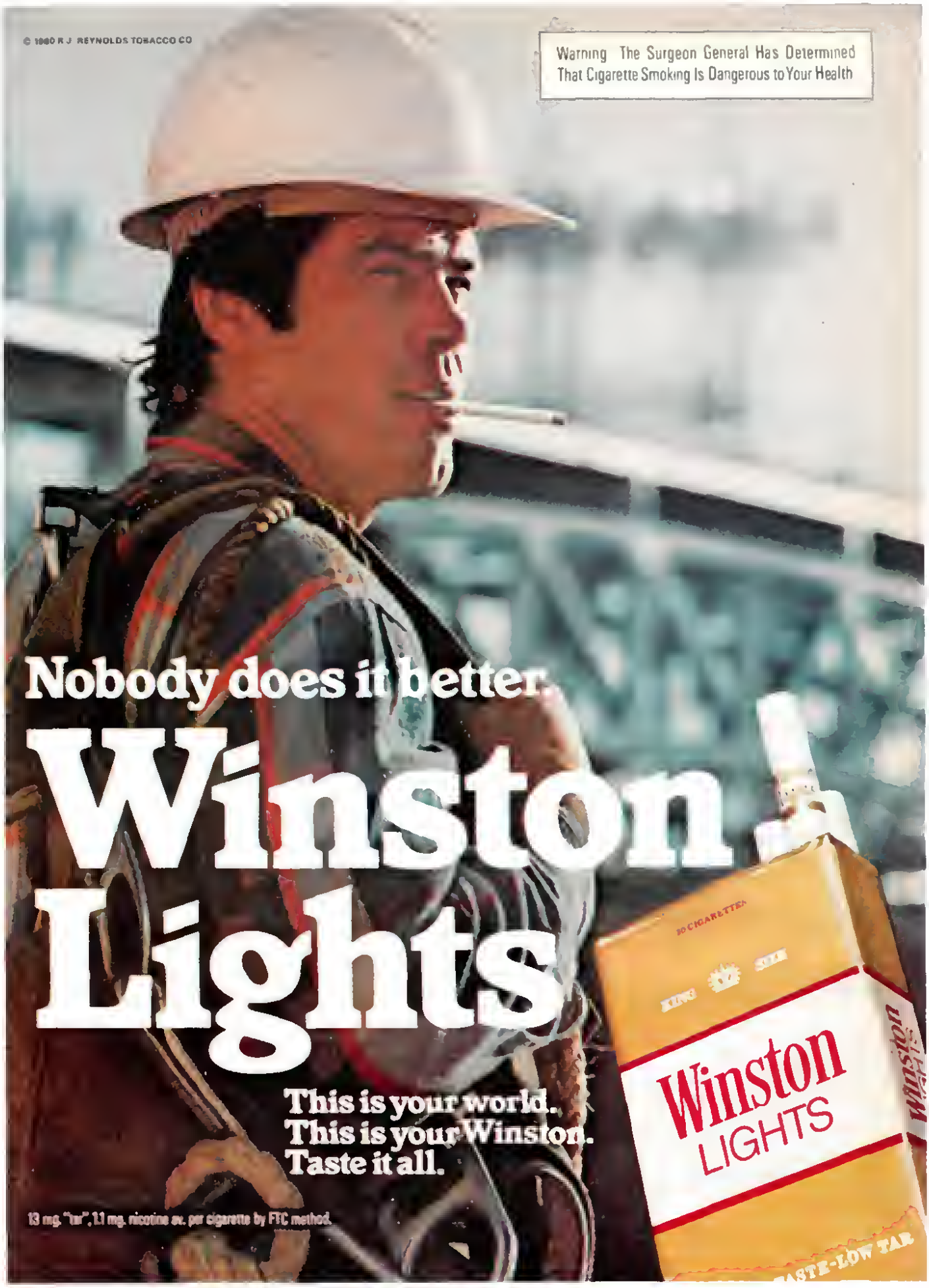
For decades, conservationists and thoughtful sportsmen have worked hard to get politics out of wildlife management decisions that should be based on a knowledge of ecology and the environment. That they haven't succeeded is clear enough when it comes to the federal steel-shot regulations. As the rules were expanded to encompass more westerly flyways in 1977 and 1978, some states objected. In addition to the arguments already cited, they claimed that birds weren't dying from lead poisoning, that the Federal Government wasn't responsive to state biological data and that, therefore, steel-shot areas were being designated haphazardly. Because of the complaints by the states, the Senate added what has become known as the Stevens Amendment to its 1979 Interior's appropriations bill. This amendment effectively took the authority to enforce steel-shot regulations away from the Federal Government and gave it to the states.

What happened in Louisiana, and may occur in other states as well, demonstrates the danger in this. There a game commission of political appointees has rejected the recommendations of its staff of professional

continued

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with Bacardi rum.



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BACARDI Eggnog
For one and for all For every quart of eggnog, stir in 12 oz Bacardi dark rum Fold in 1 cup whipped heavy cream Chill Stir. Top with nutmeg

BACARDI and Ice
Cheers! Toast and taste Bacardi dark rum for what it really is Just pour 2 jiggers over ice Sip And smile! It tastes good mixed because it tastes good unmixed

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biologists and has asked that steel-shot zones be eliminated within the state—despite the fact that for a variety of reasons ducks in Louisiana are more likely to ingest lead shot than those in most other areas of the U.S. So far, two of the 36 states still affected by steel-shot regulations—Maryland and Nevada—have decided not to approve their implementation.

The controversy over the steel-shot regulation is a complex one, but it can be reduced to basics for the purpose of making a single and very crucial point—wildlife resources are too valuable and too fragile to be left to politicians. Usually the top priority of politicians is getting votes, not conserving wildlife. In states where wildlife is abundant, there tend to be many outdoorsmen, too. Hunters and fishermen are voters, so politicians will usually court their favor.

And sportsmen aren't the only ones putting pressure on game commissioners. If, say, an attempt is made in a western state to shorten the hunting season, farmers and timber companies will complain that deer and elk will eat their crops and trees. Commercial fishermen are interested in their share of the salmon run, and no one else's. If a game commission tried to create a fly-fishing-only zone on a river, the motel and sporting-goods store owners in the vicinity would complain bitterly that their businesses would suffer.

On a larger scale activities in Alaska are instructive. The Federal Government has attempted to designate vast tracts of land in that state as protected wilderness. The Feds were met with fanatical opposition from state politicians who, of course, were merely representing the special interests of the various groups that they serve. Last month the House finally passed the bill already passed by the Senate, which designates 104 million acres of Federal land for parks, wildlife refuges and forest and wild river preservation.

Typically, a governor appoints fish and game commissioners he hopes will please the voters. Appointments are often made as repayment for past political favors. If a commissioner strays too far in the name of conservation—by, say, trying to reduce bag limits or shorten a season—voters will complain, the commissioner will be pressured to change his mind, and he very likely won't be reappointed when his term expires.

An example of the process at work is the case of Louisa Bateman, who resigned from the Oregon Wildlife Commission in the late summer of 1979 after serving for six years. Originally appointed by former Governor Tom McCall, she was well-known throughout the state as a conservationist. When she attempted to shorten the Columbia River commercial gill-netting season for salmon, as others had tried to do, the all too predictable result was that opposition with direct connections to commercial fishing interests worked against her reappointment at the completion of her term. Their efforts failed because Bateman beat them to the punch and quit out of sheer frustration. "At least half the decisions made and policies implemented by the commission were political in one way or another," she says. "And I just got sick of it. I couldn't take it anymore." (It should be added that Bateman lives near Klamath Marsh, a well-known waterfowl hunting area, and she often finds lead shot in the gizzards of the ducks she cleans. She is definitely in favor of steel-shot regulations.)

The benefits of federal control over wildlife resources can be demonstrated by a brief look at Yellowstone National Park. Back in the 1950s, fly-fishing-only rules on the Madison River and severely reduced bag limits on most of the park's waters were imposed. These were restrictions that would never have been put into effect by a state government if the Feds hadn't tried them out first—in fact, until recently nothing like them had been implemented in any state, even though as a result of the rules Yellowstone today contains the finest trout fishing in America.

Jack Anderson, who was superintendent of Yellowstone in the late 1960s, was largely responsible for enforcing the regulations that have done so much to enhance the fishing there. He is pleased to note that after all these years Montana is now working to make fishing regulations outside the park, particularly as they apply to the Madison River, similar to those in force within the park for decades. "I'm sure that what we did in the park—the example we created—has a lot to do with what the state is doing now," Anderson says. "They hired a first-rate biologist and he's accomplished plenty. Everybody will be better off for it in the long run."

So, though there may be many compelling arguments for states' rights, they don't apply to wildlife management. In September Thomas Kimball, executive vice president of the National Wildlife Federation, spoke to a Senate subcommittee that was considering the steel-shot situation. "The steel-shot rider to the appropriations bill [the Stevens Amendment] has done much more than give the states a greater say in waterfowl regulations," Kimball said. "By far its most detrimental and dangerous impact is the encouragement of wildlife management by politics."

Michael E. Berger, assistant director of the Resources Defense Division of the National Wildlife Federation, puts it this way, "One might ask, Who gains through this controversy? Certainly not the waterfowl resource, for it continues to be poisoned as before in those states that reject the regulations. Certainly not the waterfowl hunter whose hunting opportunities may be reduced as a result and who may be portrayed as an individual who cares more about a small increase in the cost of ammunition than the well-being of birds he hunts and must maintain. Maybe the winners are the politicians." **END**

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A FLAKE AND HIS TIME COME VIVIDLY TO LIFE IN A FINE AND FUNNY FIRST NOVEL

Guys Like Us (Viking, $11.95) is a first novel by Tom Lorenz. It is being published as most first novels are—very quietly. If it had any say in the matter, it would be issued to the thunder of drums and the blare of trumpets. It is a novel filled to the brim with joy and desperation, with real laughter and real tears, and with some of the most engaging, heartbreaking characters one could hope to meet.

It's about the failing marriage of Buddy and Jo Barnes and the softball team that is driving them apart, the Stickmen, a hotshot club in a Chicago amateur league, a bunch of wild and crazy guys who party as they play, with gusto. The conflict is elemental—the intimacies of marriage against the intimacies of male bonding.

Buddy is a flake of the first order. He keeps a barber's chair in the middle of the living room, where he sits wearing fake glasses that have spinning eyeballs and grooves on pop music coming over his headphones. He has just been fired from his job as a custodian with the Chicago Park District "for leaping out of a lawn mower into a tree." He thinks of himself as a "Renaissance Guy," and he's searching for "his true calling, which wasn't easy to find in this age of affirmative action, double-digit inflation, and the superabundant work force."

Jo, by contrast, is quiet; she was shortchanged in the self-confidence department. She plugs away at a dull job and yearns for more. "She was surrounded by people who were about to take off. They would sip drinks at 25,000 feet, leaf through important papers at 500 mph. She herself was at ground level, going nowhere. Here she was, almost thirty years old, and never had been out of the Midwest, never even been in the sky. It made her wonder about all the other things she was missing."

When Buddy comes home, hours late, for his own 30th birthday dinner and reeking of booze consumed in the company of the Sticks, it is more than she can take. She throws him out and slowly begins to shape a new life.

Buddy just goes back to his buddies. His efforts to find a new job are halfhearted; he's more interested in hanging around with the guys and playing for all the marbles on the field. And on that field, he is sensational:

"Buddy himself was having his greatest season. He was unconscious at the dish, a stroking machine. His bullets dissected outfields, infielders were burned by his sizzling shots. He even gooned a few. High and tight, low and away—it didn't make any difference. It didn't even matter what stick he used. He just picked one out of the rack, went up there, and swung at what he saw. He saw yellow melons, big balloons. He went with the pitch. . . He ran hard, thinking at least two."

Buddy is an overgrown boy; Jo is trying to grow up: "... she refused to build a life around the fancy dance of a softball man." When Buddy's life suddenly takes a desperate turn and he tries to come back to her, he finds that things have changed; how he deals with those changes is the novel's climax.

Guys Like Us is an unpretentious novel, and that is one of its many charms. It is also outrageously funny, and tender when tenderness is called for. Tom Lorenz uses sports-page clichés lovingly; they give the novel a jaunty, self-mocking air. He has knocked the old sphere right out of the park. END

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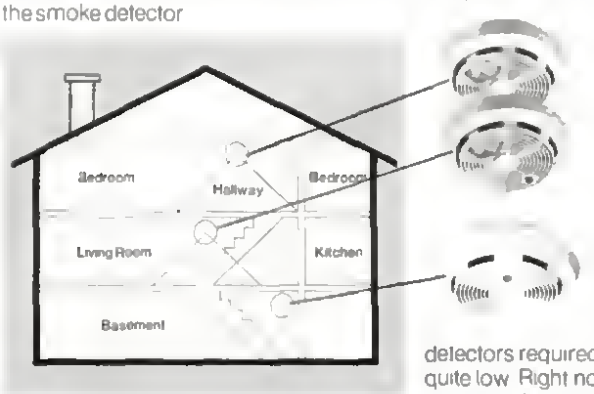
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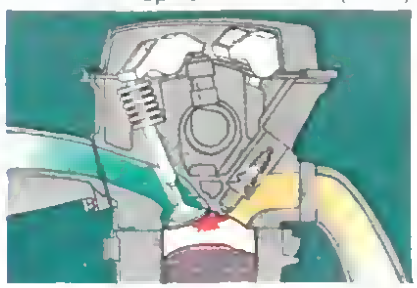
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Sideline

by FRANZ LIDZ

APBA IS THE NAME, BASEBALL IS THE GAME, AND OBSESSION IS THE RESULT

Arn Tellem looks normal enough. He wears crisp khakis and Clark Kent glasses, and a pack of Wint-O-Green Life Savers sprouts from the breast pocket of his Irish linen blazer. In almost every way he seems to be an average young Los Angeles lawyer, but his eyes—impervious to threat or persuasion—give him away. They're the eyes of a fanatic.

The object of Tellem's fanaticism is APBA Major League Baseball, a mail-order game to which about a million Walter Mitty managers have lashed their lives. To its addicts, APBA is a better game of baseball than most people ever see in the Kingdome. "It's more real to me than real baseball," says Tellem, at 26 a veteran of 17 APBA campaigns. "I don't get as excited about anything else as I do about APBA. I'm looking forward to retiring, so I can play all day, every day."

APBA isn't one of those home baseball games in which you try to swat a marble into a hole labeled "double". It's controlled by chance, by omens, by intricate formulas based on a season's statistics. The numbers that come up on a pair of itty-bitty red and white dice correspond with those on performance cards that reflect individual player characteristics: the kinks in Carlton Fisk's throwing arm, Jim Palmer's tendency to serve up taters. These numbers are then plugged into situation charts that take into account more facets of baseball than Earl Weaver does. Games can be called because of rain. Players can be injured, ejected or fooled by the hidden-ball trick (if they're less than 23 years old in the season being played). APBA, it would seem, allows for every possibility except an attack of hemorrhoids to the third baseman.

Serious APBAphiles, whose roster includes not only the likes of Tellem but also real-life ballplayers (Bump Wills and Jim Sundberg, to name two) and at least one owner (Danny Kaye), enter a baseball fantasy world complete with statistics, traditions and history. When playing APBA solitaire, Tellem resembles a bug in a jar, but he's less quiet. He screams. He cackles. He chatters at the player cards. His fingers twitch and wriggle, his elbows slice the air, his hands spin on their wrists like loosely mounted propellers.

And he's quirky. He keeps his tiny dice and shaker in a freezer until game time. "My palms sweat too much," he explains. In a few weeks, Tellem will start making daily phone calls to the APBA factory to find out when the 1981 cards will return from the printer. Then, in early February, he and perhaps a hundred other APBA hadjis will converge on the game's mecca near Millersville, a flyspeck town in Pennsylvania Dutch country. Tellem recalls one of his first pilgrimages to APBA land: "It was February 11, 1967, and I was standing in the lobby of the APBA headquarters when I saw Him." Tellem went slack-jawed with awe: he was in the presence of the APBA deity. "Look," he blurted out to a companion, "there's the Man!" Not Stan, but Richard Seitz, 65-year-old arch-druid of the APBA card cult. Seitz is a trim, compact fellow with a vaguely quizzical expression. It's somewhat tiresome, he says, to be alive in the time of your own legend. "I don't know how to handle it," he admits. "In 1973, at the first APBA convention in Philadelphia, people wanted my autograph, my photo. I didn't know how to respond. It's not like I discovered penicillin or a cure for cancer."

Seitz, who originated the formulas used to make up the player cards, is a fallible god. "Customers write in to argue about performance ratings," he says. "They take it personally. They think they know more about the game than I do." The letters go unanswered.

When APBAchondriacs think of Seitz, they imagine a figure like the Wizard of Oz surrounded by flow charts, scouting reports and crystal balls as he decides how to rate the players. Not so. Though the formulas of the great and powerful Seitz are as closely guarded secrets as the bonus clauses in free-agent contracts, he doesn't figure out player cards anymore. He handed that chore over to an assistant six years ago. He's not even APBA's creator—he came in on the eighth day. The game is modeled after National Pastime, which Seitz played with his buddies in the early '30s. National Pastime folded as fast as a franchise in Schenectady, so Seitz made up his own game, the American Professional Baseball Association, eventually APBA.



In 1951, inspired by the Philadelphia Whiz Kids' pennant, he had some 150 sets of the game printed and marketed them for $10.25 each (these original sets now fetch as much as $1,500 apiece). In 1956, when Seitz was laid off as a purchaser for a trucking firm, he decided to turn pro. Since then he has fashioned APBA editions of football, golf, horse racing, basketball and bowling, but baseball is still the biggest seller. Every year Seitz brings out a new APBA edition for each sport except golf and re-creates a classic year from baseball's past. In 1976, under pressure from APBA's increasingly sophisticated baseball fans, Seitz issued a master game, so complex that he won't sell it to anyone who has owned the basic game for less than six months.

"APBA is the greatest escape mechanism I've ever found," says Thacher Longstreth, president of the Greater Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce and a two-time loser as GOP candidate for mayor. "It makes life bearable. You almost start to live in an APBA world, the world of make-believe." (Republicans seem to have a special affinity for APBA baseball. During the depths of Watergate, David Eisenhower spent as many as four hours a day in his White House bunker with his APBA set. And George Bush has played ever since he became a Congressman in 1967.)

Longstreth belongs to a 13-year-old, 12-team APBA league that's more exclusive than The Union League of Philadelphia. He discovered the game in the mid-'60s while visiting his college-age son, Peter, who was in an academic slump at the time. The father suspected the problem was either girls or booze.

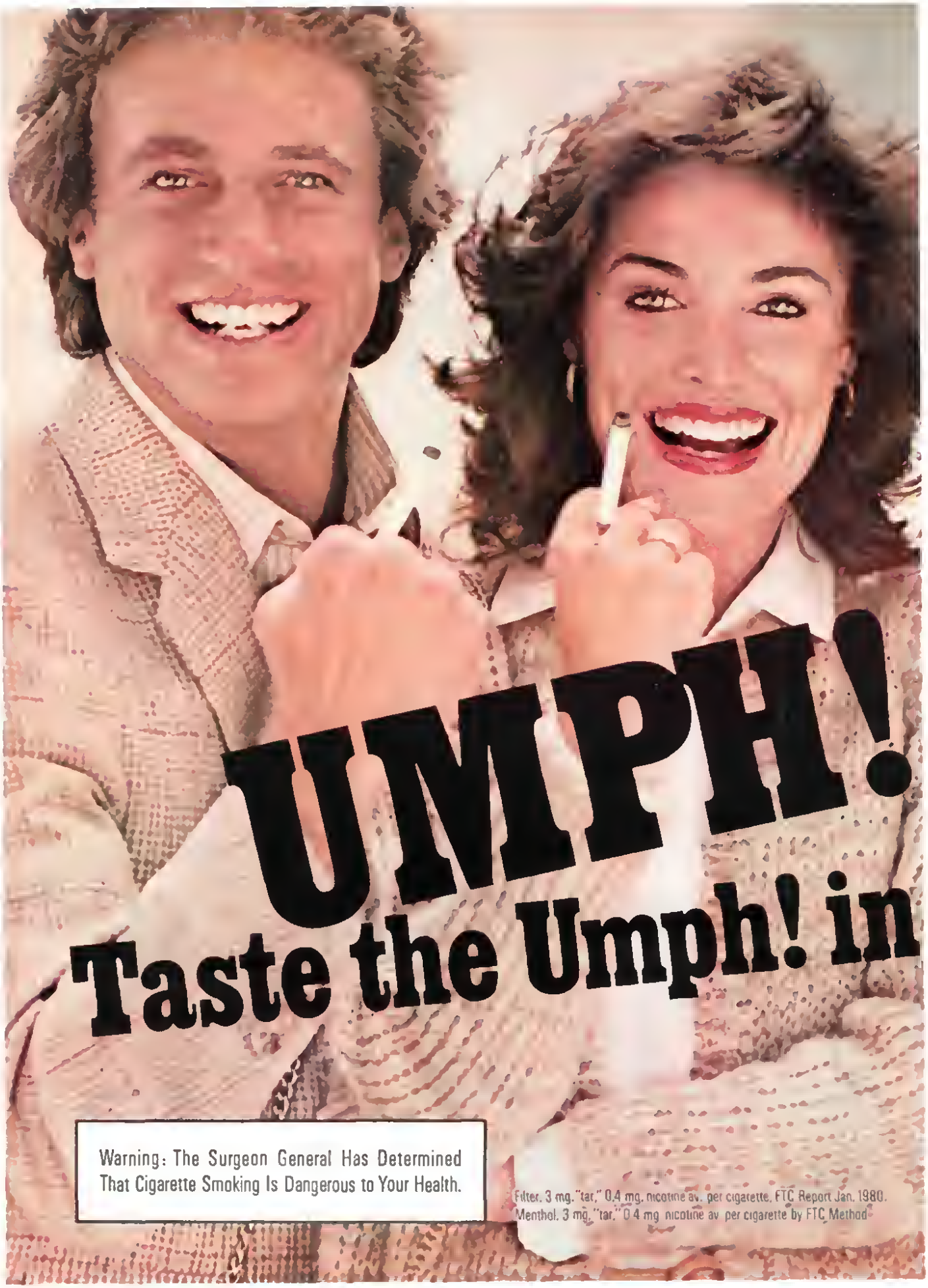
"It's APBA, Dad. You know, A-P-B-A."

"Oh my God," the elder Longstreth gasped. "It's some form of LSD, only worse—it's got one more letter."

It wasn't long before the father was hooked. "It's the most vicious thing that ever happened to me," he says with mock chagrin. "It's worse than a narcotic." Longstreth, whose son no longer plays the game, has as much control over his APBA habit as a knuckleballer has over his pitch on a windy day. "Two members of our league are normal and two are fringe players, but the rest of us have to have APBA."

"There are people who devote 50 to 60

continued

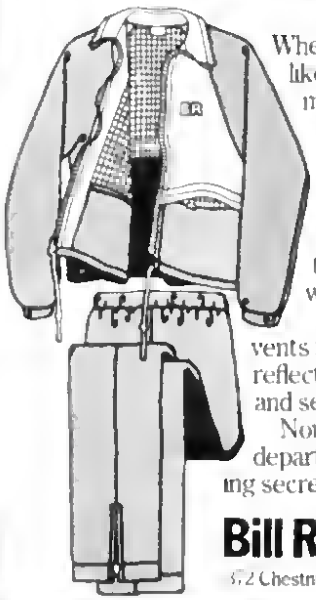


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SIDELINE *continued*

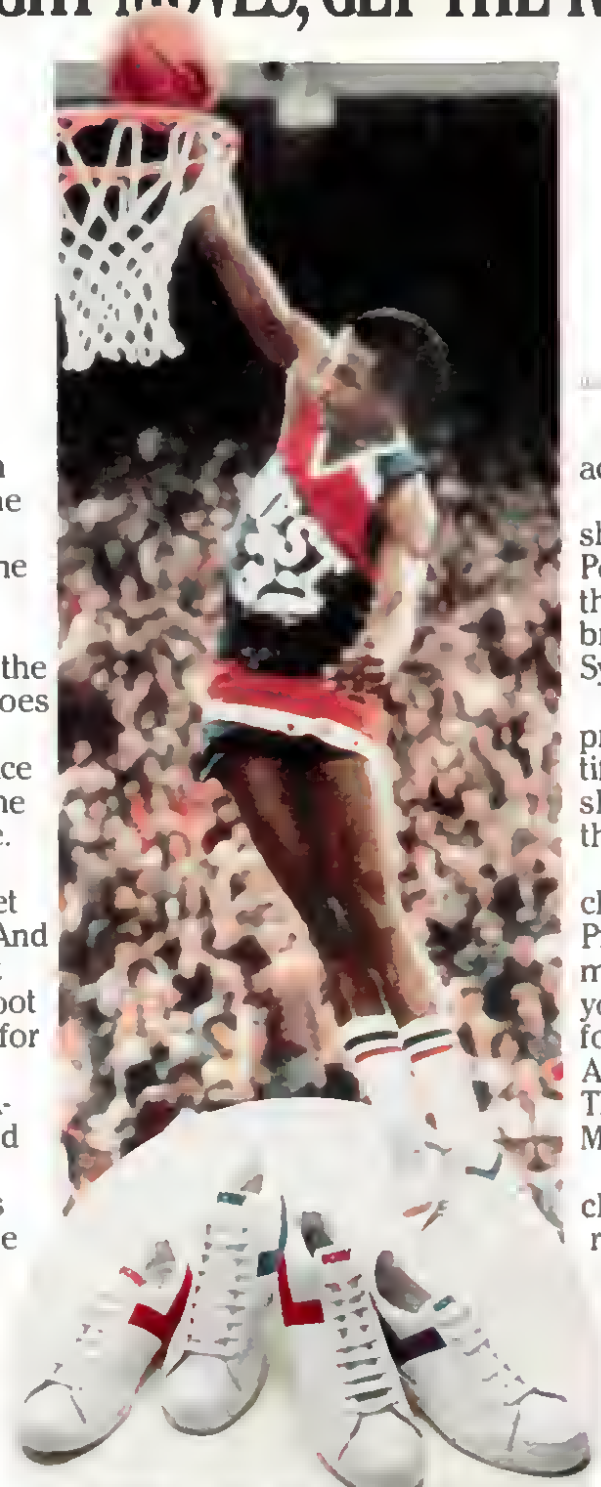
hours a week to the game and that's really sad," says Bob Henry, a Delaware Law School professor who teaches tax law and studies APBA. Henry writes a question-and-answer column for *The APBA Journal*, a monthly for APBA junkies with a circulation of 2,500, and he knows nearly every APBA baseball card by heart. APBA code dribbles from his mouth like stock quotations. But his knowledge isn't without drawbacks. APBA freaks have called him at three in the morning to dispute things like Gary Peters' 1966 pitching rating. "It's really bothersome," he says. Especially since he'd just as soon play Strat-O-Matic, one of APBA's many imitators. Strat-O-Matic uses one more die and has actual batting and pitching statistics, besides an arcane rating system, printed on its cards. "That's like admitting the cards have no character," rails Seitz. "It's like having a human being walk around with his IQ stuck on his forehead, instead of letting him show you what he can do. You've got to let the card speak for itself." Indeed, the cards are part of the mystique of the game. "Once you get the cards and hold them," says Tellem, "you transcend the game and become the baseball players themselves. Each card has its own personality."

Alone with his Super League, made up of the best cards from nearly every APBA edition, Tellem will take out his fielder's glove and pretend he's Rogers Hornsby—the card, not the player. When Tellem married, he carried a 1938 Hank Greenberg card as a talisman in the breast pocket of his wedding suit. "I wanted Hank to share in the experience of my life," he says. "It's a mutual relationship—he lets me share in his." Tellem is so nutty about the game that when he flies on business trips, he carries his stats in an attache case manacled to his wrist. When he's out of his house at night, he always leaves the case open, a precaution against burglars. "They can have the TV, they can have the money, they can have our lives, just please leave the records."

Some APBA fans even get to be like J. Henry Waugh, the obsessed loner in Robert Coover's *The Universal Baseball Association, Inc.* who invents his own game. Waugh calculates averages, keeps team financial ledgers, oversees life histories and loses his job and, eventually, his mind.

"There's a compensation in APBA that does border on the psychotic," says Seitz, a former philosophy major with a passion for metaphysics. "But it also acts as a fulcrum that people can build their lives around. It lets them relax by giving them a diversion they can become intensely involved in." But Seitz concedes that the line between fandom and fanaticism is as elusive as a ball in the left-field corner at Fenway. "In the '60s a budget analyst from Toledo said he'd never marry because it would curtail the time he spends on APBA. I worry about him, but I appreciate his loyalty." **END**

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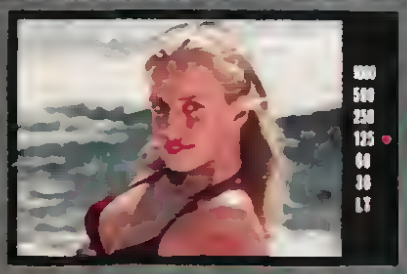
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SCORECARD

Edited by JIM KAPLAN

WHERE WERE THEY?

Do trainers really train fighters anymore? Lost in all the furor over Roberto Duran's famous bellyache (*page 24*) are the performances of Ray Arcel and Freddie Brown, whose job it was to get Duran ready for the biggest fight of his career. Where were they when Duran reached for that extra steak, when he gulped his orange juice? How could they have let him go through such a severe weight-reduction regimen so close to fight time and then blow himself up hours before the bell sounded? Where was that steady hand on the wrist. . . ? "No, Roberto, no more. . . ." Once upon a time trainers used to lock themselves in with their warriors for days before a big fight. They'd monitor every morsel of food that crossed the table, every whiff of cigarette smoke that entered the room.

Where was the famous Angelo Dundee when Muhammad Ali was popping all those thyroid pills and burning the weight off so drastically before he went into the Larry Holmes fight a zombie? And how about the first Leon Spinks fight in 1978? Ali admitted he hadn't trained for that one, but you wouldn't have known it from his trainer. At Ali's workout two days before the bout, Dundee could be heard telling a few skeptical writers, "Ali's sharp as a razor for this one. I've never seen him so sharp."

Are the superstars of the ring above training? Or is it just a dying art?

PLEASURE DOME?

It's official: the controversial $54 million Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome will open in downtown Minneapolis in time for the 1982 baseball season. But debate over the stadium continues. Will there be enough parking? Will traffic generated by events at the dome overload city streets and prevent emergency vehicles from reaching two nearby medical centers? Will stadium-related development increase land values and run off residents of several nearby low-income neighborhoods? City officials and their critics will have many an inning over the dome before the Minnesota Twins ever come to bat there.

Lately even the stadium's putative beneficiaries, the Twins and Vikings, have been drawn into the fray. One reason the Vikings said they needed a dome was for practice. But this season they unveiled a $6 million complex in suburban Eden Prairie featuring a practice field covered by an inflatable bubble. "We never said we'd have *all* our practices in the downtown stadium," said Viking publicist Jeff Diamond. "There will be too many other events there to allow that, and we don't want to practice all the time on the Metrodome's artificial turf. But we do expect to be there the day before home games."

That the Vikes will play those home games at the Metrodome is the source of an annoyance to Twins President Calvin Griffith. Because 10,000 movable seats for football (the stadium will seat 65,000 for football and 55,000 for baseball) will be stored under the rightfield stands, a 41-foot fence must be erected in right, where the measurement down the line is 330 feet. Calculating that only a prodigious swat would clear the wall, which will be even higher than Boston's famed Green Monster, Griffith is unhappily downplaying Minnesota's lefthanded power and scouring his farm system for fast feet and strong arms.

Recently, KTCA-TV's Jim Klobuchar asked Griffith if he was excited about moving into the dome. "To tell you the truth, I'm not too thrilled," said Griffith, "because I'm an outdoor man for baseball. I like the natural turf; I like to see the sun out; I like to see the moon coming over the leftfield stands [at soon-to-be-abandoned Metropolitan Stadium, which will net close to $1 million in 1980]. . . . There's just atmosphere out there."

"Are you saying that you were persuaded against your better judgment to go into the dome?" Klobuchar asked.

"Yes," said Griffith.

CARD PRICES REVISITED

A little more than a year ago we mentioned in this space that the price of a 1952 Mickey Mantle Topps bubble-gum card had soared to $1,200. We explained that '52 marked Mantle's first appearance on a Topps card and that the number of cards printed was a relatively small one (SCORECARD, Oct. 15, 1979). The price of the '52 Mantle continued to climb, reaching a high of $3,250 in July, according to the magazine *Card Prices Update*. But apparently there were a few more '52 Mantles collecting dust in attics than anybody thought. Publicity about the high prices has flushed them out, and as a result, the November listed price for the card plummeted to $1,765.

Owing to similar factors and the nation's recession, other "superstar cards" from the 1950s have also declined in value. A mint '53 Topps Willie Mays that would've fetched $1,000 last summer was offered at a show in New York recently for $695. The '54 Bowman Ted Williams dropped from $1,200 to $710. The '54 Topps Henry Aaron went down from $275 to $170. Also off sharply is the '67 Brooks Robinson, which once brought as much as $150. It now commands $97. Having bottomed out, the market is on the upswing.



Cards from the 1970s, particularly so-called rookie cards, went largely untouched by market fluctuations. Topps cards (which usually sell for 25¢ for 15 cards and a piece of gum) for Bob Horner and Willie Wilson, both of which first appeared on the market last year, are priced at $2.50 and $1.50, respectively. Rickey Henderson's first card came out this year and is already going for 75¢. Then there's George Brett, who debuted

continued

on a '75 Topps, a card that could've been picked up for 75¢ four months ago. But that was before Brett's run at .400. The card now fetches $7.

WHEEL-TO-WHEEL ACTION

Cycling devotees in this country, especially those interested in biking as a competitive sport, are permitting themselves some unaccustomed twinges of excitement. One reason is a bold new venture in pro track racing. If all goes well, sponsored teams will compete for prize money next summer in a series of three-day events that would open in Madison Square Garden, continue at seven other arenas—in Hartford, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago and Maryland's Capital Centre—and return to New York for a grand finale. The racing would be on a 140-meter portable track, with turns banked at a precipitous 55 degrees. Team sponsors would pay salaries and expenses, and there would be purses of $15,000 per city and an additional $50,000 for the finale. Leading U.S. riders would attend a selection camp, at which teams would be stocked under a formula designed to achieve balanced competition. At least two-thirds of a team's roster would be U.S. cyclists. And, oh yes, the promoters will have cable TV cover the racing.

Another positive development for U.S. cycling was an announcement by Renault, the French auto firm, that an American, Jacques Boyer, will ride behind the great French cyclist Bernard Hinault on the Renault-Gitane team in next year's Tour de France. Boyer, 25, of Carmel, Calif., will be the first American to compete in the epic French race, which Hinault won in 1978 and '79. Renault also announced that the Nevada whiz kid, 19-year-old Greg LeMond, who last year became the first American to win cycling's junior men's world road-racing championship, will ride in selected European races for Renault-Gitane. He will be brought along *doucement*, says Renault.

WRONG-PLAY RUMIC

The most unforgettable play of the football season occurred Nov. 13 in Tucson during a freshman game between Rincon and Salpointe Catholic highs. With Rincon leading 6–0 in the first quarter, a Salpointe ballcarrier apparently crossed the goal line and an official signaled a touchdown. Actually, the runner had only crossed the 5 and the ref quickly reversed himself, but Rincon Coach Andy Rumic didn't observe the change because he had turned to round up his players for the ensuing Salpointe kickoff. When Rumic looked back toward the field, he saw the Salpointe quarterback take the snap at the 3 and fade back. Ah, thought Rumic, they're going for a two-point conversion. Rumic rejoiced when his Danny Lopez intercepted the pass in the end zone.

But Rumic was suddenly confused. Why was Lopez running the ball back? Interceptions on conversions are blown dead. Ever the considerate coach, Rumic corralled Lopez at the Rincon 40 and dragged him off the field. It was only then that someone told Rumic he had prevented one of his players from scoring. Everyone felt bad for Rumic, even the officials, who didn't bother penalizing him.

After the game, won 26–12 by Rincon, Rumic was embarrassed but not tongue-tied. "I told my wife I made the tackle to prevent us from running up the score," he said.

BUSY BUSS

According to the L.A. grapevine, celebrated ladies' man Jerry Buss and frequent companion Karen Demel could be announcing their engagement any day now. But while Buss may be taking himself out of circulation, he seems to have no such plans for his money. The man who paid Jack Kent Cooke $67.5 million in 1979 for the Los Angeles Lakers and Kings, The Forum and a 13,000-acre cattle ranch, recently laid out $5.4 million for Pickfair, the fabled estate of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. He also acknowledges that he'd like to help launch a pro tennis league along the lines of World Team Tennis, which he was virtually bankrolling before it went under in 1978.

Buss emphasizes that a new team-tennis circuit would be formed only if other investors were willing to join him in the venture. One report says that in addition to salaries and prize money for team performances, the new circuit would pay prize money for individual performances, something not offered by WTT. The league Buss has in mind would be confined at first to Western cities and would be called National Team Tennis. This name supposedly was chosen when it was realized that leagues whose names contain the word "world" have a way of folding (World Team Tennis, World Football League, World Hockey Association), while those with "national" in their names (National League, NFL, NBA, NHL) survive.

As though all this weren't enough, the freewheeling Buss has also given Marcel Dionne a contract providing the Kings' star with $600,000 a year over six years, making him the highest-paid player in NHL history. Far from flinching at such gaudy salaries, Buss recently told the Los Angeles Stock Exchange Club, "Athletes are entertainers, so if a rock star makes $5 million, who's to say athletes shouldn't make more?" Although his fellow owners probably wish he'd hush up on the subject, Buss believes that salaries of sports superstars may well rise to the $5 million range, with teams still turning a profit. Pay TV would help make this possible. For example, by putting games on pay TV and charging, say, 20¢ a TV set, the Lakers could net $70,000 a game, which is about half of what they take in from an average gate.

Downright heretical is Buss' suggestion that skyrocketing salaries won't necessarily result in higher ticket prices. Because of pay TV, he says, just the opposite will happen. "I think stadiums will eventually become TV studios," says Buss. "Spectators may get in for $1 or so."

ANOTHER ALYDAR

Alydar became a legend—and a big favorite of the fans—by finishing second in each leg of the 1978 Triple Crown. Well, when it comes to being a runner-up, a 3-year-old thoroughbred named Full Quid has outdone the legend by coming in second in his last 10 races.

Though some horseplayers might find it significant that Full Quid's best buddy and stablemate is a goat, most railbirds have taken to him. "The public has grown to love Full Quid," says the horse's trainer, William (Red) Terrill. "Instead of booing him, they holler things like 'Right on, Full Quid, you're doing your thing.' " And his thing, to be sure, is a thing of joy to his backers. Any bettor prescient enough to have made a $2 place wager on the first of Full Quid's 10 races and to have parlayed the winnings would now be nearly $1,800 ahead.

THEY SAID IT

• George Raveling, Washington State basketball coach: "I understand the TV show *That's Incredible!* has been filming on the USC campus. They shot 12 football players attending class at the same time." **END**

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BERTO

Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 8, 1980



THE BIG BELLYACHE

In a stunning fall from glory, Roberto Duran, the apostle of machismo, blamed stomach cramps as he surrendered his welterweight title to Sugar Ray Leonard

by **WILLIAM NACK**

Between the sixth and seventh rounds, Trainer Ray Arcel urges Duran to "get aggressive" as a second holds an ice bag to the champ's stomach

CONTINUED

Sugar Ray Leonard, hands folded over the raspberry-colored robe covering his pajamas, comes to his feet as if on springs, moves to the center of the den and stops, planting himself in a crouch. Flames crackle in the fireplace behind him. Pivoting quickly, with his slippers flopping off his heels, he lashes the air with his fists.

"The whole fight, I was moving, I was moving," Leonard says. "And *Voom!* I snapped his head back with a jab. *Voom!* Snapped it back again. When he tried to get me against the ropes, I'd pivot, spin off and *Pow!* Come under with a punch." Adjusting his rhythm, weaving in place, Leonard stops and crouches again, his eyes large and unblinking.

"And every time I hit him he'd make that noise." Leonard looks upward, mimicking the eerie sound Roberto Duran makes when he is in the ring—the sound of a malevolent owl. "Hoooooo. ... Hoooooo. You know that noise he makes. And then he'd get inside and I'd rip to the body and come across with the right. I did everything I said I was going to do. And he couldn't accept it. He was frustrated, confused. I did everything I could to make him go off, like a clock wound up too tight. He got wound up so tight, he blew a spring."

It is 10 o'clock on Friday morning in Leonard's home in Bowie, Md., some 60 hours after he'd regained his World Boxing Council welterweight championship from Duran in one of the most startling and controversial endings to a prizefight in the annals of a sport notorious for controversy. Leonard has every right on this gray morning to be dancing in his slippers in his den, for the full weight of what he had done has only recently settled in: he is just beginning to comprehend its magnitude.

"Most people considered it impossible," Leonard says. "They said Ray can't get up. Ray's not angry enough. Ray doesn't have that killer instinct. Ray's not that kind of person. Ray's too nice. But I didn't lose track of what must be done to carry out the mission—and it was a mission. It was like going to the Olympics. I proved myself in New Orleans. I proved to him what I could do. I *made* him quit. To make a man quit, to make a Roberto Duran quit, was better than knocking him out."

And that, undeniably, was what Leonard had done. At the close of a fistic tour de force in which he had beaten Duran to the punch, neutralized his brawling attacks, slipped many of his punches, danced and walked circles around him—and laughed at him, taunted, embarrassed and humiliated him—Duran, the 29-year-old WBC welterweight champion from Panama, simply threw up his arms. With 16 seconds left to go in the eighth round, he surrendered.



Leonard winds up the fake bolo that humiliated Duran in the round before the Panamanian quit

If Duran arrived in New Orleans with a reputation as unassailable as Simon Bolivar's—he had a career record of 72–1, after all, including his victory over Leonard last June 20 in Montreal—he left with it somewhere in the neighborhood of Papa Doc's. It was bizarre to witness so swift and devastating a collapse of a man's name. And what a name it was. Here was a man whose whole professional life had been built upon the precepts of Latin American machismo. Child ruffian, teen-age street fighter, fearless and remorseless brawler and boxer, he emerged by stages into a gladiator whose whole public person described with uncommon precision a certain standard of manliness. He had *manos de piedra*, hands of stone, and was extremely fast on his feet, moving with the suddenness of a mongoose, his black hair flying and his brown eyes flashing. Despite his objections, he was known as El Animal, a name he earned in the ring. He had knocked out 55 of his 72 opponents before the Leonard fights, and he seemed to possess a self-generating fury. He was a hell of a fighter.

So it was incomprehensible that Duran would quit. When, unhurt, he turned his back on Leonard and said to Referee Octavio Meyran, "*No* mas, *no* mas," one had the sensation of summer lightning in the air, freezing forever in the mind that scene and that man with his arms raised. Incredulous, the referee said to Duran, "*¿Por qué?*" Duran replied, by way of not answering, "*No* mas."

Meyran's question lingers, unanswered yet. *¿Por qué?* Duran left his two veteran trainers, Ray Arcel and Freddie Brown, groping for an explanation, trying to make sense out of something they would have regarded an hour earlier as not merely unlikely but impossible. So the two were reduced to embarrassed musing. All Duran would say to Arcel was, "I quit. No gonna fight anymore."

"He just quit," said Brown. "I been with the guy nine years and I can't answer it. The guy's supposed to be an animal, right? And he quit. You'd think that an animal would fight right up to the end."

"I went to his room to commiserate with him, to console him, and I could hardly get in," said Arcel's wife, Stevie. "There was a party in the room. Roberto was singing with his wife."

"You'd think he'd won the fight," growled Brown

"That's it," said the 81-year-old Arcel. "I've had it. This is terrible. I've handled thousands of fighters and never had anyone quit on me. I think this guy needs a psychiatrist more than he needs anything else. What happens to the human mind? Who knows? I've been associated with guys like Ezzard Charles and Barney Ross, guys who gave their all. Duran always possessed the same courage, the same determination. He was a fighter. If anyone had ever come to Freddie and me and said, 'This guy will quit on you,' I'd have spit in the guy's eye. Duran quitting? Never. *He would never quit.*"



In that same seventh round Sugar Ray repeatedly stuck out his chin and dared Duran to hit him

But quit he did. Duran said he started suffering from stomach cramps in the fifth round, and then came nausea and weakness—and all that may be true. But he was not ill after the fight—in fact he ate as well as partied that night—and a comprehensive medical examination the following day uncovered no physical disorder. Dr. Orlando Nuñez, Duran's personal physician, says the problem stemmed from the fact that Duran ate too much after the noon weigh-in on the day of the fight. The bout began at 9 p.m.

When he was the undisputed lightweight champion of the world (1972-78) Duran always had trouble making the weight; even as a welterweight he has had to diet seriously to make the 147-pound limit. On the morning of the fight he weighed 148 pounds, and he spent the hours before the weigh-in drying out. He came in at 146. Immediately afterward, Nuñez says, Duran drank a large thermos of consommé and half a thermos of hot tea. He then wolfed down an orange as big as a grapefruit. At 1 p.m., Nuñez says, Duran ate lunch: two large T bone steaks, French fries, four large glasses of orange juice, two glasses of water and a cup of tea. At 5 p.m. Duran ate half a steak and drank more tea. (Leonard, incidentally, had a large breakfast on the day of the fight—two eggs and grits, two pieces of toast, peaches and Kool-Aid. He also weighed in at 146. So while Duran was starving himself to make the weight, Leonard was able to eat well. For dinner, at 4 p.m., Leonard had fried chicken, green peas, a glass of water and Kool-Aid.) Duran may well have had cramps from stuffing himself the day of the fight, a condition no doubt exacerbated by the right and left uppercuts that Leonard stuck in his belly. But Carlos Eleta, Duran's manager, shrugged at the suggestion that Duran had overeaten. The stomach of stone, Eleta insists, always ate that way before a fight.

Even if he was suffering cramps, the question persists. Why would Duran, a warrior one would expect to demand to be carried off on his shield, simply throw up his hands and quit? Arcel says he got a telephone call the morning after the fight, and the caller accused Duran of a calculated fix.

Does that make sense? Money has never been the principal engine driving Duran. Eleta has said that Roberto never knows how much he makes for a fight, trusting Eleta to invest his share for him. The one thing that Duran has always cared most about—the thing that money cannot buy and that he senses every moment he spends in Panama—is his status as a national hero. Would he deliberately lose a fight, especially as ignominiously as he did this one, and thereby jeopardize his place before a nation that adores him? Would a man who had fought so hard and so well and for so long—a man of inordinate self-esteem—roll over and take a dive near the end of his career? If he would behave so remarkably out of character, then we have never known him.

Surely the circumstances—and Leonard—conspired against Duran, leading him to commit the one act of which those around him thought him incapable. While Duran came to the fight at the end of a long, enervating battle against weight—according to Brown he went into training in September at 173 pounds and still weighed 160 as late as the first week of November—Leonard stayed in condition. Throughout the summer Leonard had been running, and he went to camp in late October already fit. In fact, Leonard says, he never approached

continued

a fight better prepared mentally, physically and tactically than he was for this one. He had had a falling-out with Dave Jacobs, his trainer since his amateur days. Jacobs had wanted Leonard to take a couple of tune-up fights before he met Duran again, but Leonard insisted on the rematch immediately. So Jacobs quit. That left Leonard's day-to-day conditioning program in the hands of Janks Morton, his trainer, closest adviser and best friend. And, ultimately, it also gave Angelo Dundee more of a hand in working on Leonard's technical skills.

In the past, Morton says, Leonard worked hard and continuously in preparing for a fight, sometimes sparring as many as 15 rounds a day. Convinced that Leonard would benefit from less work, Morton started Leonard sparring a week later than normal, never let him spar more than nine rounds a day and periodically gave him a day or two off.

Dundee flew to Washington, D.C. in early November, earlier than he usually arrived in camp, and began to work at once in schooling Leonard in a strategy for the rematch. After workouts, Dundee, Morton and Leonard would huddle, Dundee talking and gesturing. Sitting there listening, Leonard at times looked as earnest as a graduate student in theology. Dundee's litany was simple. "Keep the guy turning . . . hit him with shots coming in . . . belly jab . . . pivot off the ropes . . . spin out . . . slip jab. . Move over! Don't go straight back . . . push him off you. . . . When you spin, stay there. And nail him!"

A new Leonard showed up at the Superdome. "We were sky-high in the dressing room," Dundee says. "Different from last time. Everything was cool, smooth, good." Never was the difference more obvious than when Ray Charles, bobbing in the center of the ring, sang *America the Beautiful.* Ray Charles Leonard grinned hugely in admiration. Duran stood watching, impassively, from across the ring.

What transpired in the next half hour, from the opening bell to Duran's abdication, belongs somewhere under glass as a study of the fall into disgrace of one of the best fighters of modern times. Leonard seized the issue in the first round and never yielded it. Near mid-round, after the two men had cautiously felt one another out, Duran lunged into Leonard and bulled him to the ropes, just as he had done so effectively last June. But now Leonard spun away and landed a right hand. They exchanged punches. And Leonard jabbed. When the challenger caught Duran with a one-two at the end of the round, Duran smiled.

The pace quickened in the second round, and Leonard's effectiveness became more pronounced. He banged two rights to Duran's head, snapping it back, and then he circled and jabbed. Duran seemed puzzled. He started a right but then held it, sensing that Leonard had it measured. While Duran scored well in the third and fifth rounds—he won the third on all three cards, the fifth on two—he was never able to take over the fight as he had in June. He stalked his man, but Leonard repeatedly escaped, feinting to keep Duran off balance, walking away, dancing. Leonard had made a weapon of his jab, which he had not done in Montreal, and as the fight went on, he was countering well with his hook when Duran tried to move inside.

"You're laying back too long," Arcel told Duran between rounds. "You're not aggressive enough. You've got to fight this fellow like you fought him before. Get on top of him. Don't let him move."

Except in the fifth round, when Leonard went to the ropes and Dundee scolded him for it, Duran could not find a place inside. Leonard had learned how to push and pivot away. And when Duran had him inside, attacking the body, Leonard answered him with whistling uppercuts. Neither man was ever hurt, but Leonard could sense Duran's increasing frustration as the rounds went by. At one point, Leonard says, he had moved right and left and right, and then beheld a curious sight. "He was looking at my feet," Leonard says. "I was moving here and there and it tripped him out. Tripped *me* out. I said, 'I got him now.' He was reaching for me and couldn't catch me. I could hear Howard Cosell's voice at ringside. His voice, like, stands out: 'Duran is completely bewildered!' "

If it was one thing for Duran to be frustrated, unable to mount a sustained attack, it was another to be made a fool of, to be taunted and dared to throw a punch. Leonard does not know why he did what he did in the seventh round, but he had planned in his mind to be cute, to try to anger Duran. Late in the seventh, Leonard threw the most memorable punch of the night. Winding up his right hand, as if to throw a bolo, he suddenly snapped out a left jab that caught Duran flush on the face. "It made his eyes water," Leonard says. Having



The surrender was so sudden that Sugar Ray kept on punching as Duran turned to go to his corner.

made a fool of him, Leonard continued taunting Duran mercilessly. He stuck out his chin, inviting Duran to hit him. Duran hesitated. Leonard kept it up, moving, stopping, mugging. Leonard scored again with a hook and two right hands. At the bell, Duran seemed to smile as he walked back to his corner. Three minutes later the fight was over.

Duran had lost control of his destiny in the ring. Except for one minor defeat, in a non-title fight against Esteban DeJesus in Madison Square Garden eight years ago, he had been in charge in every ring he'd ever entered in his life. And suddenly, no more.

"I didn't use my body," Leonard says. "I used my head." Leonard may have hurt Duran with blows to the body and brought water to his eyes with stinging jabs to the nose, but Leonard knew where to sink the blade to make the deepest wound. That slip-jab off the mock bolo in the seventh round may have been the most painful blow of Duran's life, because it drew hooting laughter from the crowd and made Duran a public spectacle—a laughingstock.

Despite the objections of the boxing purists, Leonard's taunting of Duran did its wicked work; it was undoubtedly the most sustained humiliation Duran ever suffered. Leonard had his number, and Duran knew it. Perhaps, as Arcel suggests, "something snapped." And so, facing seven more rounds, Duran turned and raised his arms in the eighth, as if emerging from a trench.

Immediately after the Montreal bout, in which both men fought gallantly, Duran had refused to touch gloves and had roared around the ring berating Leonard. For months he had been saying that he hated Leonard. And now, finally, he embraced him. Perhaps he had found humility at last. And, not unexpectedly, he announced his retirement, a reasonable thing to do, given what had gone before.



When he realized he had forced the only man to beat him to give up, Leonard jumped for joy.

Many people around him, as well as thousands of countrymen back home, felt bitter and betrayed. Two nights after the fight, in a telephone interview for a Spanish-language radio station in Miami, Duran would announce that he wanted to meet Leonard a third time. But who could ever take such a fight seriously? It seemed a desperate attempt by a man who had won success through rashness to regain what one rash act had so irretrievably lost. For all Duran has done over the years, he will forever be known first as the champion who quit against Sugar Ray.

There had been one more scene on the night of the fight that, while played out in private, was perhaps a more revealing climax than the one 25,000 spectators and batteries of television and still cameras had recorded. After a press conference, Duran climbed into the shotgun seat of his gray van parked just outside the door of the Superdome. For several minutes, completely motionless, he stared through the windshield. And then here came Leonard once again. His jubilant entourage was leading him into the press room. Leonard spotted the van and saw Duran sitting behind the tinted glass. Leonard waved. Slightly startled, Duran raised his right arm and waved back. His smile was thin. Then Leonard was gone. Duran returned his eyes to the windshield, expressionless as stone. He still had Panama to face. END

A ROOKIE GIVES THE JAZZ PIZZAZZ

In his senior year at Louisville, Darrell Griffith led the Cardinals all the way to the NCAA championship. Now, in his freshman year as a pro, the same Dr. Dunkenstein is leading Utah to a surprisingly good start in the NBA **by JOHN PAPANEK**

In the two months since he became a pro, 22-year-old Darrell Griffith has inspired a musical renaissance in Salt Lake City. By moving to his beat, the Utah Jazz are no longer the worst team in the NBA's Midwest Division or the most incongruously named team in sports.

When Griffith left the University of Louisville at the end of last season, he had a national championship watch, several Player of the Year awards and all the nicknames he needed. One sobriquet was Dr. Dunkenstein, which recognized his assortment of monstrous running, spinning slams; another was Louisville's Living Legend, which seemed to ignore another favorite son named Muhammad Ali. But Griffith was not the kind of sure-thing rookie that Magic Johnson and Larry Bird had been the year before. Their talents were more refined than his, and Griffith is smaller—he stands just 6′ 3½″, though he insists on being listed as 6′ 4″. Nevertheless, in his first 24 games Griffith has proved to be a little bit of Earl Monroe on David Thompson's legs, with Jerry West's penchant for doing big things late in games. In short, Griffith is the man who has made the difference in shaping the Jazz' record—13–11 as the week ended—a solid smash compared to the team's 4–20 after 24 games a year ago.

Opening night against Portland: Griffith goes for 26, including 13 in the fourth quarter, as the Jazz win. At Dallas, Griffith scores 33 with two three-pointers in the second half. Three days later against the same team he scores 37. Win and win. At Portland, after a one-for-seven first half, Griffith comes back with 27 points in the second. At Seattle, he scores 14 of the Jazz' 32 fourth-quarter points and finishes with 26. Win and win. Against San Antonio, he helps George Gervin miss 19 of 23 shots, swats two of them away and scores 29 himself. One of his baskets comes on a flying, screaming slam-dunk—the ball triggered from his right ankle—that nearly removes one side of Gervin's face. The play so excites Jazz Guard Billy McKinney that after the game he requests stomach medication. Win.

For all of this the rookie remains humble. "I don't name my dunks, I just do 'em," he says. Averaging 21.7 points a game on 47% shooting, Griffith is the Mr. Outside of the most prolific scoring pair in the league. Forward Adrian Dantley, the astoundingly strong Mr. Inside, leads the NBA with a 32.8-point average on 58% shooting. Seventeen times the two have combined for 50 or more points, seven times for 60 or more. Of those 17 games, the Jazz have won 13. "If you want to name one reason—one reason—why the Jazz are so much better, it's got to be Darrell Griffith," says broadcaster Hot Rod Hundley. "He's great, and I'm the guy who believes there hasn't been a great guard in this league since Oscar, Cousy and West retired. In your face, Red Auerbach!"

In your face, indeed. The Boston gen-



Griffith, rising to dunk against Harvey Catchings of Milwaukee, is averaging 21.7 points per game.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY HAYT



Griffith's aggressiveness is not limited to scoring. Here he battles Quinn Buckner for a loose ball

eral manager could have had Griffith if he hadn't traded the first pick in the college draft to Golden State for Robert Parish and the Warriors' first-round choice, the third in the draft. Auerbach figured the Warriors would take Purdue's Joe Barry Carroll and that Utah, picking No. 2, would draft Minnesota's Kevin McHale. Cagey Red would then take Griffith. At least this seemed to be what Auerbach wanted when he talked to Jazz General Manager Frank Layden.

"Red kept calling me up, saying, 'I know you're going to take McHale. He's terrific. You can't pass up a big center,' " recalls Layden. "I kept telling him we wanted Griffith, even before Red traded his first pick away. He must have thought I was bluffing. In my wildest dreams I can't see why Boston did not keep the No. 1 choice and take Griffith."

Boston wound up choosing McHale, but by that time Griffith had become the first player ever drafted by the 7-year-old Jazz with their own first-round pick. The other choices had been traded away in the infamous, and ultimately disastrous, Pete Maravich and Gail Goodrich deals. The Jazz' 1979 pick, for instance, was used by Los Angeles to select Magic Johnson. Johnson and Griffith—the mind boggles at the backcourt those two would have made.

For a while it looked as if Griffith would be lost as well. He wanted to sign right away, but his agent, Bob Woolf, held him out of training camp while negotiating his contract. "I'd work out all day and then be sitting around my apartment in Louisville at night with nothing to do," says Griffith. "I'd go back to a gym on campus at midnight or 1 a.m. and work some more."

Griffith's final session took place in the wee hours of Saturday, Sept. 27. Later that day he signed a five-year, $1.4 million contract, just in time to play an exhibition game that night against the Indiana Pacers in Freedom Hall, the very place where Griffith had become the Living Legend. When he joined the Jazz for their pregame shoot-around, his new teammates broke ranks to welcome him. In the game he came off the bench to score 23 points, and the Jazz had their only preseason victory. "It was to Darrell's credit that he felt so comfortable with us right away," says McKinney. "He could have had a big head, or felt guilty for missing camp, but it was 'Hey, I'm so happy I'm finally getting to play with you guys.' "

Before the contract terms were made final, one of the team doctors, Lyle Mason, had flown to Louisville to examine Griffith. Mason had a look of mock concern on his face when he showed the Jazz executives Griffith's X rays. "I can't seem to find any reason why he can jump so high," the doctor said.

Griffith's vertical jump can be measured much more easily than it can be explained. He propels himself 48 inches off the floor, so high that the top of his head is four inches above the rim. His older brother, Michael, believes Darrell began building up his legs when he started dunking at the age of 10 by launching himself off the wall of the Griffith garage. By the time he was in eighth grade he was regularly playing pickup ball against pros from the ABA Kentucky Colonels. After perfecting a 360-degree spinning dunk in high school, he spurned a multimillion-dollar offer to skip college and join the Colonels.

When he played in Bulgaria after his freshman year at Louisville, Griffith amazed the Europeans by bounding over a Belgian player and dunking. The Eastern-bloc reporters were convinced that he had undergone some secret operation or that he was literally "high" because of drugs. "I told them it was a God-given talent," says Griffith. "That confused them because I don't think they believe in God."

If his jumping and his speed were God-given, his other basketball skills came through hard, dedicated work. In his junior season at Louisville he underwent hypnosis to help improve his defense. Before his senior year he spent an entire summer dribbling around chairs to improve his ball handling. In the middle of last season he asked Cards' Coach Denny Crum what else he needed to become a great pro. "An outside jumper," said Crum. So Griffith developed one.

Jazz Coach Tom Nissalke likes to tell about his first meeting with Griffith, which occurred a month before the NBA draft. "Here was the best college player in the country," says Nissalke. "We were warned about how much money it would cost us to sign him, but when we went to talk to him he was such a little boy. He asked what our uniforms looked like, if we really traveled first class on planes, whether or not we said a prayer before games. Hell, we never talked about money. He never asked how much he would play or gave any indication of having a big head at all. That's why I was sure he was the player we wanted, and that we would get him signed."

Because he is a rookie, Griffith has made lots of mistakes: in 11 games he has had four turnovers or more. Sometimes his shot selection is erratic. Nevertheless, Dantley says, "He *makes* them." Despite the occasional error, Griffith's progress so far suits Nissalke. "Darrell's got all the tools for greatness," the coach says, "jumping, speed, shooting, passing, intelligence and humility. He's 100% coachable, and he's learning more each day."

And, let's face it, Griffith knew quite a bit before the day began. SND

L.A.'S FIGHT SONG: WE ARE NOT FAM-I-LEE

Quarterback Vince Ferragamo is the No. 1 complainer on a Ram team riddled with discontent, but the bickering stops at gametime **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

That walking piece of handsome Italian sculpture, Vince Ferragamo, the NFL's newest quarterback star, is bidding to take the bickering Los Angeles Rams to the Super Bowl once more despite the distractions of a love-hate relationship with moody fans and warfare with a parsimonious front office. So far this season he has thrown 26 touchdown passes—and has been called a choker, a dimwit, a prima donna, an ingrate and a malcontent. He also might make All-Pro.

Last Sunday, Ferragamo and the Rams, those ruffians of the West, did it again—that is, put aside their squabbles long enough to beat the New York Jets 38–13 in Anaheim Stadium, with Vince throwing four TD passes. L.A.'s victory, coupled with Atlanta's 10–6 win over Washington, kept the Rams (9–4) one game behind the first-place Falcons (10–3) in the NFC West, a division the Rams had dominated for seven seasons.

Barring a disastrous finish, the runner-up in the NFC West seems certain to gain one of the conference's two wild-card playoff spots; thus, win or place, Los Angeles should be around for the postseason festivities.

But this has been a season of turmoil for all the Rams. The source of disgruntlement is the front office, where owner Georgia Frontiere, the widow of Carroll Rosenbloom, has adopted a fiscal policy that might be called "The buck stops here." No fewer than eight players—defensive linemen Jack Youngblood and Larry Brooks; Guard Dennis Harrah; linebackers Jim Youngblood, Bob Brudzinski and Jack Reynolds; Cornerback Pat Thomas; and Ferragamo, *i.e.*, the heart of the team—have either held out, walked out or spoken out this season. Says Brooks: "We don't play for management; we play for ourselves." Two weeks ago Brudzinski said goodby forever, stalking off and suggesting he never again would play for Madame Ram, as Georgia has been called.

L.A. began the season out of shape and out of sync, losing its first two games. Since then, Coach Ray Malavasi, who also is trying to negotiate a contract with Madame Ram, has alternately fretted and applauded as his team turned the tap off and on.

Ferragamo's mission, returning the Rams to the Super Bowl, is additionally difficult because L.A. is weighted just where it can hurt—at both ends of the age spectrum. The Rams are prone to rash mistakes, something that happens to teams with eight rookies, and at times they tend to doze off, something that happens to teams with eight players in their 30s. And Ferragamo has had to rely on the passing game more than he had expected to, because the Rams' No. 1 runner, Wendell Tyler, who gained 1,109 yards last year, missed the first seven games with a dislocated hip, the result of a summer auto accident.

Tyler rushed for 88 yards while playing only a half against New Orleans on the Monday night before the Jets game, and he started off strongly against New York, gaining 27 yards in the first 10 minutes. But then he went out—probably for the rest of the regular season—with a dislocated right elbow. So onto the field trotted Elvis Peacock, the former Oklahoma flash who had knee surgery in 1978 and a broken ankle in 1979. Peacock rushed for 112 yards in the first half, finished with 152 and made Ferragamo happy by keeping the Jet blitzers honest.

For his part, Ferragamo is lucky to be starting, to say nothing of doing so well. For the second season in a row, L.A.'s No. 1 quarterback on paper, Pat Haden, has broken a finger, and Ferragamo has come on to save the Rams. Along the way Ferragamo has sold a couple of million newspapers, creating controversy by remaining unsigned. In his own eyes, he is also unloved. If the free-agent market beckons, his bags are packed. In the meantime, the Rams have won 15 of the 20 games Ferragamo has started. And for the most part he has had to make do with a motley group of wide receivers—free agents, discards and draft-choice dregs called the Forgotten Five.



The disgruntled Ferragamo wants Haden (right) and the whole world to know who's the main man

Ferragamo, 26, is 6′ 3″, 212 pounds and sturdy. When he played for Nebraska, after having spent his first two seasons of college eligibility splitting time with Steve Bartkowski at California, a linebacker hit him head on and was knocked unconscious for several moments.

And Ferragamo throwing the ball is like Mozart working a sheet of music—the performance is classical. In one five-game stretch this season, while NFL statisticians frantically jiggled their calculators to see if they were working properly, Ferragamo hit on 70% of his passes, throwing for 13 touchdowns while yielding only two interceptions.

Sundays seem to be the easiest days of the week for him. Before last year's Super Bowl, in which he completed 15 of 25 passes as L.A. scared the Steelers before losing 31–19, the other Rams looked at their relaxed quarterback and wondered if he knew it was the Big Game.

Off the field, Ferragamo's penchant for the public-relations gaffe could make him the Mark Spitz of the '80s. Many anti-Ferragamo letters to the editor in L.A. are pure venom, and when Ferragamo was introduced before the Jets game, he heard more than a few boos. His public image began to wither when, in the second week of the season, after Haden had broken the index finger on his right hand in a game with Detroit, he played hooky from practice to underscore his contract demands. This was just three days before a game with Tampa Bay. Ferragamo's Beverly Hills attorney, Paul Caruso, said that the reluctant hero would not play without a new contract, one that substantially increased his $52,000 salary, which constitutes peon's wages for an NFL quarterback. That made Ferragamo look traitorous.

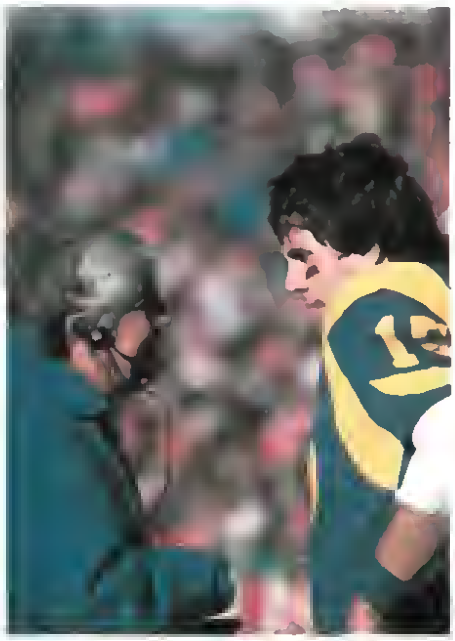
A week later, after Caruso negotiated a three-year, $750,000 agreement for his client, Ferragamo abruptly fired Caruso and said he was taking over the contract talks himself. That made him look greedy.

Then on Nov. 2, after Ferragamo had

continued







Malavasi and Ferragamo seek new contracts

thrown five touchdown passes in a romp over New Orleans, the Rams sent in the now-mended Haden to give Ferragamo a rest. Instead of giving Haden a pat on the back, Ferragamo fumed on the sidelines. "They never put me in during the third quarter," Ferragamo said, referring to his days of clipboard-holding while Haden did the quarterbacking. Earlier, discussing his relationship with Haden, Ferragamo had said, "I had to endure what Pat is enduring now for 2½ years. Now that I'm on top, it's something that Pat has to get used to. There's not much to say about the way things have changed. I remember what it was like being No. 2. I'll never forget how I was treated." That made him look spiteful.

It also squelched the idea that Haden and Ferragamo were good friends who happened to be competing for the same job. At training camp this season Ferragamo got mad when Haden listened in on his practice huddles. He told Haden to quit it. Says Haden with a shrug, "Vince is not knowingly malicious. I don't think he hates me."

Haden earns $200,000 a year from the Rams, and he makes more in endorsements than Ferragamo does in salary. The son of an executive who recruits corporate accounts for a bank, Haden grew up in Los Angeles and went to the local private club, Southern Cal, where he played in three straight Rose Bowls and made a network of friends among the people who run L.A.'s boardrooms. He was a Rhodes scholar, attends law school in the off-season, remembers first names, is polished with the press and lives well, with a Cadillac in the driveway of his home in the well-appointed San Marino area of L.A.

Ferragamo resides in more modest circumstances in Irvine in Orange County. There is a concrete wall in the backyard to give an illusion of privacy. Here he is: Vince Ferragamo, one of the big guys in the NFL, the quarterback who took the Rams to the Super Bowl, and he has this little backyard with two Japanese cars in the garage, no mobile phone, no star-shaped swimming pool.



Vince and wife Jodi feel it's hard to make ends meet when the breadwinner earns only $52,000

Ferragamo grew up in Wilmington, Calif., near Long Beach, and no one in his family ever wore a suit and tie to work. His father, Vince Sr., a daily spectator at Rams' practices, started as a painter at a Ford plant and then put in some 25 years as a union officer. His mother, Stella, gave guitar lessons in the dining room. One brother, Chris, is a successful high school football coach—he has won the last four L.A. city championships—who sells hot tub-like spas on the side. He installed one for Vince and his wife, Jodi. Another brother, Mike, is a paramedic with the fire department. His sister, Estelle, is a hairdresser.

The family invested its dreams in the baby, Vince—Dude, they called him. Vince's brothers, both of whom played high school and college football, put the ball in his hands and told him to throw it. Haden remembers going to a high school all-star game at the Coliseum and watching Ferragamo set several passing records. "That guy is going to be something," Haden said to his friends.

A fourth-round draft choice of the Rams in 1977, Ferragamo threw for a touchdown in five of his six appearances in exhibition and regular-season games that year. But his development slowed, and he was saddled with the same "dumb quarterback" rap that dogged Pittsburgh's Terry Bradshaw in his early seasons. He has called plays not listed in the Rams' playbook. "Vince is a little spacy," Tyler once said. At practice one day, Ferragamo lined up behind center during a scrimmage. "Here, you forgot this," said Peacock, handing Vince his helmet.

But the truth is, Ferragamo not only can spell C-A-T, he also has dissected one; he is on leave of absence from Creighton University's medical school. "How dumb can you be if you're accepted for medical school?" Ferragamo asks. The problem is, when you talk to him, his attention appears to be in a different area code. This tends to make coaches, especially those who worry about their mortgages in the California real-estate market, slightly nervous. Haden's demeanor, on the other hand, is like a Boy Scout's: earnest and attentive.

Now that Ferragamo has backed up his promise with performance (a 59.8% com-

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pletion average this season), he figures he deserves to be paid as much as anyone. He reads that Terry Bradshaw makes $400,000 a year. "I rate myself at the top," Ferragamo says. "I'd like to get paid accordingly. But I'm not writing the check. If they have respect for you, you'll get paid. If things don't work out, we've got Canada or the free-agent market." To cover himself against injury as he plays out his option, Ferragamo has taken out a policy with Lloyd's of London, reportedly for as much as $1 million.

There is a feeling among all the Ferragamos that Vince may well be in the wrong place, that Haden is more management's and L.A.'s type of guy. Ferragamo says that somebody is going to have to make a decision. "I'll guarantee that one of us won't be here next year," he says, "and there's a good chance that both of us won't be here."

Meanwhile, Ferragamo's former attorney, Caruso, has lost interest in the quarterback. "I'm like Frankenstein," he says. "*I've created a monster. Ferragamo* believes he's as good as I've been telling him he is. The trouble with Vince is that the last guy who talks to him has his brain. And he hears voices everywhere."

Chris Ferragamo disagrees. "Vince is his own man now," Chris says. "He's making his own decisions, discovering who he is." In high school, when Vince played for Chris, the coach got so mad at the quarterback that he broke a clipboard over the quarterback's head. "I wanted him to be better than he was," says Chris. "I always expected more. And I always got more. The Rams expect less and get less. He could be the greatest with a little help. By not signing him, they're saying they don't want him."

Obviously, however, the Rams do want him. As for the money, public sentiment has shifted to management's side. Vengeful detractors dismiss Ferragamo's fine performances, claiming they occur only against weak teams. They were especially gleeful when Miami routed the Rams, after Ferragamo's diatribe over the Haden substitution against New Orleans.

Malavasi clearly is willing to stake his future on Ferragamo. "He's got the ability to be one of the great quarterbacks," Malavasi says. "Pat had the experience, but once Vince got in, he had the job. I don't play any musical chairs with my quarterbacks."

Not for now, anyway, although Ferragamo can evoke agony as well as ecstasy. Against the Jets, when he was good he was very good, passing for 284 yards, those four touchdowns and moving the club up and down the field so well that Punter Frank Corral practically had the day off, kicking only once. But when Vince was bad he was terrible, throwing four interceptions, three of them balls he just put up for grabs. "A couple of them were better than punts," said Ferragamo, simply shrugging his shoulders.

Ferragamo's Mad Bomber tendencies are one reason why, no matter how many scoring passes he throws, the "We Want Pat" faction will always be vocal. In the third quarter Sunday, Ferragamo caught a finger in the eye and ran off the field. In came Haden. Cheers. Haden passed for a first down. More cheers. Then Ferragamo came back. Cheers for Haden and boos for Ferragamo, even though Ferragamo already had three touchdown passes on the board.

Haden thought the whole thing was a little silly. "The applause meter had me the winner, but if I had not completed that pass, they would have booed me back up to the Coliseum," he said.

Ferragamo's four TD passes gave him 26 for the season and moved him past Roman Gabriel as the Rams' single-season leader. His second scoring pass, a 44-yarder to Wide Receiver Billy Waddy, one of the Forgotten Five, came in the second quarter when New York still had the temerity to be thinking upset. On a second-and-two play with L.A. ahead 10–6, Waddy streaked down the field, and Ferragamo hit him in the end zone with a pass that had traveled 63 yards in the air.

"A good loft," Ferragamo called it. Waddy said, "It's just who outruns who, and Vince slung it pretty good."

The other touchdown passes were a 12-yarder to Cullen Bryant—Ferragamo read the Jets' coverage and knew that his fullback would be open over the middle—and throws of 15 and 19 yards to 32-year-old Wide Receiver Willie Miller, who now has eight TD catches this year. "Forgotten Five?" said Miller. "You can't forget the record book."

"I think the fans are on my side now," said Ferragamo. Then he smiled, looking like a man who knows that the check is in the mail. For Ferragamo, Sundays are always the easiest day of the week. **END**

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HOT HAND IN A COLD CLIME

Led by James Worthy, North Carolina tramped through the ice and snow to beat a star-studded field in the third annual Great Alaska Shootout

by ***BRUCE NEWMAN***

Behold, basketball sneakers are fighting with mukluks to get a foothold in Alaska, where night games sometimes start at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and the Top 20 is treated with deference and respect. Last week the Great Alaska Shootout in Anchorage brought together five distinguished members of various preseason Top 20 polls—Missouri, Arkansas, Georgetown, Louisiana State and North Carolina. They went north to Alaska to seek their place in the midnight sun and to moil for a little ratings gold. Some moiled pretty well. Some found out their moiling needed oiling. But when this eccentric tournament came down to its final pulsating moments, North Carolina moiled best of all.

If there was anything even more improbable than the sight of that many outstanding teams willing to risk their high rankings so early in the year, it was the fact that they had left the "Lower 48" to do it. And yet there was a kind of obscure logic involved in bringing so dazzling a field together. The tournament began two years ago, largely as a result of a rule that permits teams to play in Hawaii and Alaska and not count those excursions against the NCAA's 27-game limit. The prospect of playing three "free" games against good competition, with most of the expenses covered by the host school, was so inviting that in its very first year the tournament attracted such powerhouses as North Carolina State, Indiana and Louisville.

The tournament was the invention of University of Alaska-Anchorage Coach Bob Rachel, but he wasn't around long enough to see it past the initial planning stage. Rachel was an idea man and a promoter, but he occasionally had trouble with mundane things like rules. In 1978, after the NCAA put the Seawolves, a Division II team, on two-year probation, the school fired Rachel and gave serious thought to dropping the tournament before it had even started. "We had contracts with four schools already signed," says Gary Bliss, Rachel's successor, "and I thought we should go ahead with it. But there was no way we were prepared to host a tournament. The first year was chaos. The public didn't really feel we could pull it off. People would hear the names we were talking about bringing in, and they'd think it was another scam. The credibility of our program was zero."

In that first year the tournament—then known as the Seawolf Classic—played to crowds of fewer than 2,000 people and lost $12,000. North Carolina State defeated Louisville in the championship game, but the Wolfpack went on to finish in a tie for last place in the Atlantic Coast Conference race that year. Indiana lost two of its three games to finish seventh in the eight-team field, but eventually won the NIT. So as a *continued*

Worthy, who scored 17 in a semifinal win over Georgetown, lived up to his name in every game


20



Eddie Sutton and his kids discovered that calling the Hogs and calling the dogs just aren't the same

long-range barometer, the tournament may not mean very much.

But the Alaska state legislature was so smitten with the idea that in 1979 it set aside a fund to cover the debts, which eventually mounted to $18,000. This year the state did even better than that. The legislature voted a special appropriation of $115,000 to pay for the Shootout and another $85,000 for a women's tournament next spring. "There is a tremendous excess of wealth in Alaska," says Alaska-Anchorage Athletic Director Gene Templeton. "This year the state has about $6 billion it must figure out what to do with. I think the legislature's feeling is that the tournament is an important community service, and it deserves the money. After all, what else do you do with $6 billion?"

Well, for one thing, you can invite one of the most glittering collections of college basketball teams this side of the Final Four and then sit back and watch them outshine the northern lights. "The tournament is a way for us to carry the message of the Alaskan way of life back to the Lower 48," says Templeton. "People

The Louisiana State players got a taste of snow and cold on a visit to the Alyeska ski resort, prompting thoughts of bowls of steaming hot gumbo back home



think Alaska is ice and snow and polar bears, but there's quite a bit of sophistication here."

Alaskan sophistication does not yet include much appreciation for basketball, but then the same could be said for places like Phoenix, which have been exposed to the game for years. "The people here seem starved for this kind of entertainment," said LSU Coach Dale Brown, "but if you listen to the crowd you get the feeling they don't know what they're getting." Crowd? What crowd? Tiny Buckner Fieldhouse on the Fort Richardson Army base was not exactly overrun with fans. "This may be the only place in the world where teams of this caliber could play to empty bleachers in a 4,000-seat arena," says J.R. Baldwin, an expatriate Texan now writing for *The Anchorage Times*. "Alaskans are doers, not seers. People who come to live up here are either looking for a fresh start or they're running from something." Last week they seemed to be running from the Great Alaska Shootout, and in fairly large numbers. The average attendance was 3,500 per session.

Because the games didn't begin until Friday, there was plenty of opportunity for teams from venues as different as Fayetteville, Ark. and Hamilton, N.Y., home of the Colgate Red Raiders, to see Alaska and rub noses, or rather elbows, with some of America's last frontiersmen. When Derek Smith journeyed to Anchorage two years ago with the Louisville Cardinals, he participated in such cross-cultural activities as snowmobiling, dogsledding, ice fishing and bobsledding. "One night we went out looking for hamburgers, and I ended up in a striptease joint called the Booby Trap," recalls Smith. "I hope it's not closed; I'm looking forward to going back."

Billy Tubbs would like to go back, too. Tubbs, now the coach at Oklahoma, took his Lamar University teams to Alaska the past two years, and he also remembers it as culture, culture, culture. "Our players did some sightseeing," says Tubbs. "They went to see some glaciers, things like that. In Alaska you awaken at 9 a.m., and it's dark outside and there's a live football game on TV. Then it gets dark again about 3. Happy hour comes *continued*



The Hoyas' Sleepy Floyd is always on the ball

Alaska may not rank with Arkansas on the court, but on the ice the Seawolves' Ty Kuiper (left) is a faceoff favorite against the Razorbacks' Scott Hastings





By scoring 17 points against Missouri, U.S. Reed led Arkansas to the first of two surprising victories

very early for the people up there."

All eight teams in this year's field, which included the host school, Colgate and Nicholls State of Thibodaux, La., had assembled in Anchorage by Wednesday night. The players and coaches were invited to have Thanksgiving dinner in the homes of local families, but only the men of Arkansas and Colgate were wise enough to accept the offer. "We try to let the kids take advantage of the activities that are available to them when we go someplace unusual like this," said Razorback Coach Eddie Sutton. "I think some coaches get too uptight about the games and don't let their players enjoy themselves."

The Hogs had a variety of Thanksgiving Day experiences. Reserve Forward Greg Skulman, a predental student, had dinner with Anchorage dentist Darrel Kester. Before the meal Kester took Skulman and Gary Shutt of the Arkansas sports information office up for a spin in his plane, which he parks on a frozen lake behind his house. One member of the Arkansas party was having dinner with yet another local family when he smelled something peculiar and realized a joint was being circulated around the room (marijuana is decriminalized for home consumption only in Alaska). Oh, well, each of us must give thanks in his own way.

Arkansas Center Scott Hastings and Guard U.S. Reed joined three players from the Alaska-Anchorage team at the home of Bob and Fay Vogt continued



The goal of this Eskimo stick game is to pull the opponent over the top



Missouri Coach Norm Stewart discovered that the ref is always right in Alaska, too



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That afternoon Reed suffered the tournament's first documented Alaska-related injury. While chasing a hockey puck in a pair of tasteful beige street shoes on a neighborhood rink, U. fell unceremoniously on his S. At dinner Reed sampled roast moose meat and pronounced it "good."

Reed complained that his back was still sore before Friday's first-round game between the Razorbacks and Missouri, but if it was bothering him he kept it a closely guarded secret. Missouri would have been a fairly significant favorite if you were going by just about any preseason poll in the country, but the Tigers were destroyed by Reed and his running mate at guard, sophomore Darrell Walker. With Walker savaging the Missouri guards defensively and Hastings hitting his first six shots, the Razorbacks built a lead of 19–2. When Reed took a breakaway in for a 360-degree spinning slam the lead was 28–4, and by out-rebounding Missouri 16–2 in the first 13 minutes Arkansas extended its advantage to 31 points, 40–9. Reed and Walker also pioneered the flying tomahawk high-five from the tuck position, possibly the first real breakthrough in handslapping in the last several years. Missouri made a run at the Hogs in the second half as Guard Jon Sundvold poured in 18 points, but the Tigers still lost 81–73.

Carolina had been unimpressive while disposing of Alaska-Anchorage 69–50 in the opener. There had been more intensity in the pregame activity, when Tar Heels Coach Dean Smith complained about the ball being too new, moaned because he had been given the standard two vans to get to the arena—not three as he had requested—and griped because his team's warmup time was cut from 20 minutes to 17. "Prima donnas," huffed one tourney official.

While all that was going on, the LSU players and coaches were roaming the shores of the massive Cook Inlet in a bus, visiting a glacier here, a ski area there. At one point the players all poured out of the bus and had an impromptu snowball fight. When the driver signaled them to get back on board by sounding his air horn, the horn became stuck and bled all the air in the bus brakes. To allow the air pressure to build back up again, the driver had to turn off the engine, which was all right until it began to get cold. Every time the driver turned the engine back on, the horn blared and down went the air pressure. The Tigers found themselves shivering in their seats and conjuring up ghastly newspaper headlines such as BASKETBALL TEAM HONKED TO DEATH and, of course, BEEP BEEP DEEP DEEP SLEEP SLEEP. (Where is Robert Service when you really need him?) Just in the nick of time, along came Irma and Emery Shaw to the rescue. Irma and Emery had just the right tool to fix the balky horn, and Irma told everyone that she and her husband were from Jackson, Miss. and that she had attended LSU herself a long time ago. That made everyone feel a lot better. LSU had less trouble that night with Colgate, winning 79–61.

A lot of people said it wasn't right to have a bunch of sacrificial lambs like Colgate, Alaska-Anchorage and the Nicholls State Colonels—who were lambs led to slaughter at the hands of Georgetown in the first round, 80–58—but the lambs, to be candid, didn't seem to mind lying down with the lions. Jerry Sanders, the coach at Nicholls State, seemed downright ecstatic about its chance to be waxed by a team as good as the Hoyas. "We consider this a learning experience," said the Colonels' Sanders.

North Carolina made it into the finals by exposing some glaring deficiencies in Georgetown's inside game and out-muscling the Hoyas 83–71. The Georgetown starting front line of Erie Smith, Ed Spriggs, and Mike Hancock was no match for Carolina's Al Wood (19 points), James Worthy (17 points, 13 rebounds) and freshman Center Sam Perkins (11 points, six rebounds). The Hoyas were badly out-rebounded, 42–24, and when Worthy came thundering to the offensive boards on his gimpy right ankle, Georgetown had no one strong enough to fend him off.

Arkansas started off quickly against LSU in the second semifinal game, and once again the Razorbacks got the desired result, opening a 23–11 margin midway through the first half. With LSU's Durand Macklin having his second successive miserable night—he sat out almost the entire second half—it was left to freshman Leonard Mitchell to haul the Tigers' lumpy carcass back into the game. Mitchell finished with 19 points, but he wasn't enough to get LSU over the hump when it closed to three points with only 1:28 left in the game. Hastings, who was his usual impeccable self with 25 points on 9-of-11 shooting, acknowledged that the Hogs were living high on physically superior teams. "We get each other up, and we really like to play together," Hastings said. "That's why we're beating these teams."

Togetherness may have gotten the Razorbacks into the championship game, but it wasn't enough against a team as gifted and as deep as North Carolina. The Tar Heels came into the tournament full of questions about themselves, and went home knowing the answer: James Worthy. The sophomore forward missed most of last season with a broken bone in his right ankle and had been unable to practice more than two days in a row this fall before he would start limping. The weather in Alaska chilled the metal screws in his ankle, he said, and tendinitis in the same leg bothered him, too. But somehow ol' James just hobbled himself and the Heels to the championship, 64–58, and Smith just sat on the bench and smiled. He knew all along those Heels were good.

Arkansas opened in a man-to-man defense, but Worthy hit three of his first four shots and Carolina jumped off to a 14–4 lead six minutes into the game, forcing Arkansas into a zone. "I bet our assistants we wouldn't last 10 minutes in a man-to-man," said Sutton later, "and we didn't."

"The key to us is James," said Carolina's Wood, who had 14 points and 10 rebounds in the final game. "He's not 100% yet, maybe 80%. This tournament just shows how good he is." Worthy scored 16 points and grabbed seven rebounds against Arkansas, but just as important as those numbers were his four steals and his defensive presence inside.

Arkansas had jumped back on top at the half, 27–26, by smothering Worthy in its zone, but when Hastings picked up his fourth and fifth fouls within seven seconds and went to the bench with 10:23 to play, the Hogs were sunk. Hastings scored 20 points against North Carolina and was named the tournament's Most Valuable Player.

"For a young team," said Smith, "it's important to win against good teams like the ones here. Our players came up here not knowing what to expect. But now this team has won something and has established its own identity."

Unless Carolina's performance in Alaska turns out to be a case of mistaken identity, the Tar Heels may just be one of those teams that can do it all. END

SHHH! IT'S THE BLACK GHOST

Whose woods these are, Art Broadie knows—and being a poacher, all the hidey-holes as well

by ***ROBERT H. BOYLE***

When the Black Ghost can't get off a shot at a squirrel hiding on the opposite side of a tree, he takes off his jacket, drapes it over a bush, ties a piece of string to the branches and walks to the other side of the tree as the squirrel scampers to the jacket side. The Black Ghost sits still for five minutes, then jerks the string, moving the jacket. *Bang*! Another squirrel for the pot when it runs to the Black Ghost's side of the tree.

Sometimes when the trout are not hitting, the Black Ghost will wade down a stream, sending waves into both banks. Then he gets out, walks back upstream to where he entered, has a leisurely smoke, picks up his rod and starts catching trout. "Got to wake 'em up," he says.

To those who know him, the Black Ghost is the best hunter and trout fisherman around. Doubtless there are other outdoorsmen as good as he is living in small towns throughout the country, but the Black Ghost, who can stand for all of them, certainly is an original. *continued*

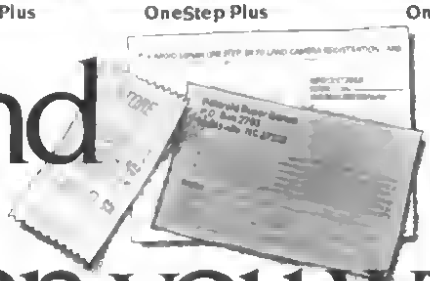


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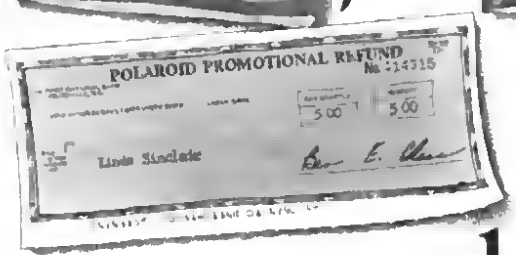


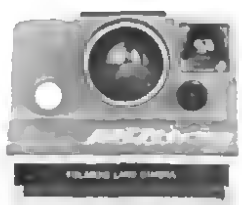
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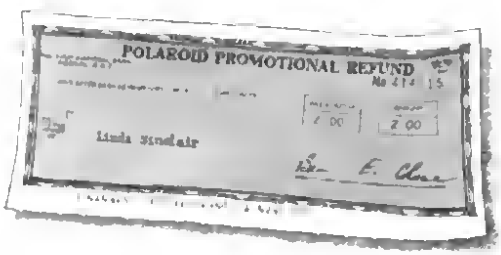


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Broadie regards a keep out sign as his invitation to fish and hunt—and be hunted—on prime land

BLACK GHOST *continued*

The Black Ghost is Arthur T. Broadie, a cadaverous, 60-year-old boiler-plant operator at the Franklin D. Roosevelt VA Hospital in Montrose, N.Y. Tufts of hair spring out of both ears, and he usually wears a grin which gives the impression that he knows something no one else does. That is often the case. He is called the Black Ghost because he drives a pickup truck with a homemade camper on the back that has Black Ghost streamer flies painted front and rear.

"The idea of the Black Ghost came to me suddenly one night down on the job," Broadie says. "I was looking at the doggone truck, and I thought I ought to decorate the thing. Pretty near every day I fish for trout. I'll use the Black Ghost sometime or other, and then I wanted a CB handle that no one else had. I checked the paint locker, and I had all the colors I needed. I made a template, drew the streamers on in pencil and painted them. Everything seemed to fit together."

The Black Ghost's old camper, which he stripped down this year for parts for a new camper, had the words "Black Ghost" spelled out beneath the painted flies, but he left off the lettering on the new camper because the old one used to inspire all kinds of hoots and hollers when he drove past Bunch's Place, a favorite black hangout in Peekskill, N.Y., Broadie's home town.

It may seem odd that the Black Ghost, a sort of contemporary Daniel Boone on wheels, would choose to live barely 35 miles north of New York City, but then Broadie has spent most of his life practicing his hunting and fishing skills on estates in the area, wherever and whenever he pleased, regardless of the no-trespassing signs and the fish and game laws. Indeed, poaching, that is, hunting and fishing on posted property, was, is and probably always will be a Broadie family custom. "I've never been a game hog," Broadie says, "but I do believe that if there is a hunk of ground out there and some guy says it's his, that doesn't mean those critters on it are his."

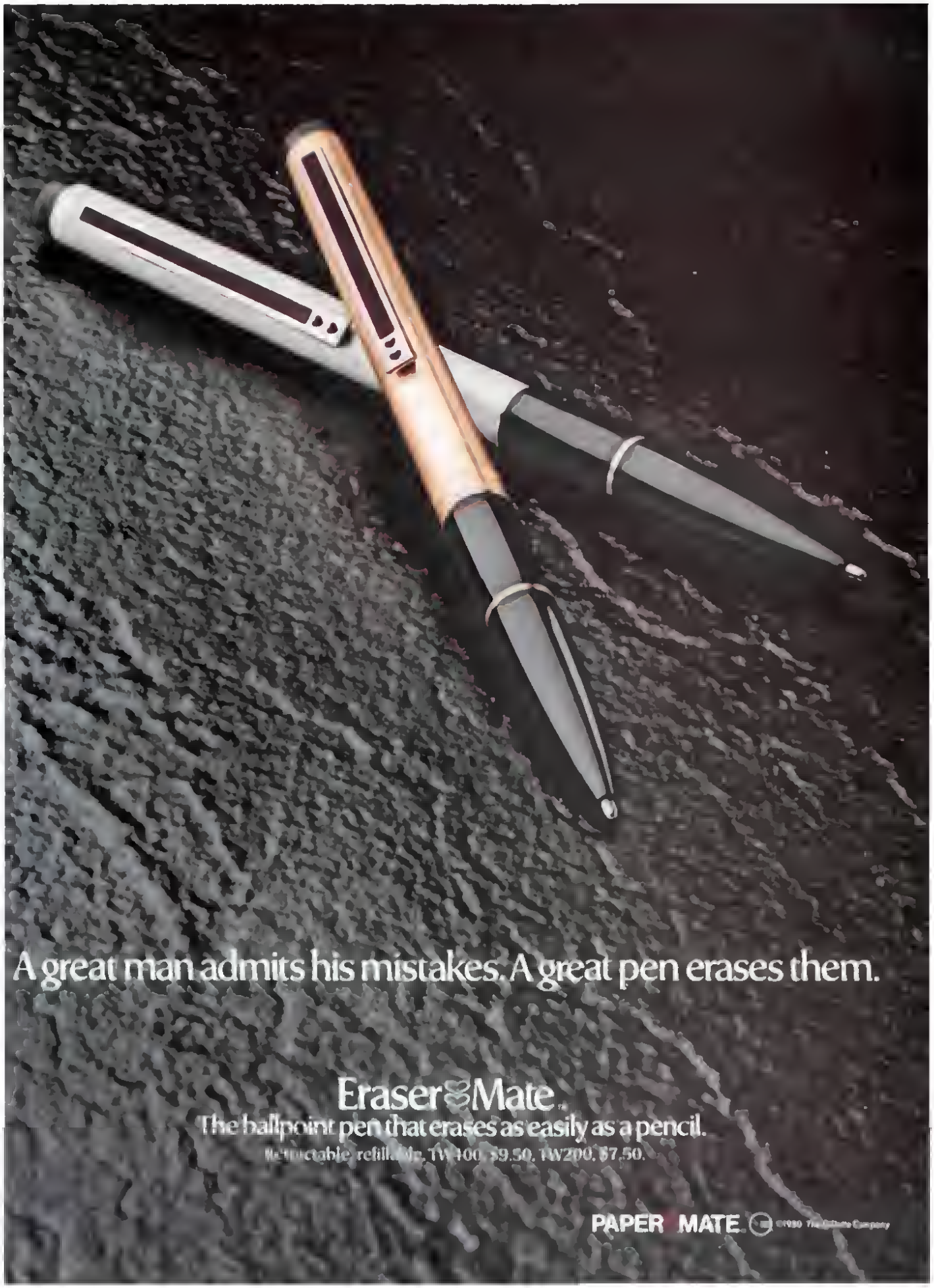
For the Black Ghost the thrill of the chase is not just pursuing game but being pursued by an angry landowner after he has bagged his quarry. "Got to find me a little hidey-hole," he will say when scouting some fresh territory that might offer sport. The hidey-hole is usually a brier patch into which the Black Ghost will hurl himself like Peter Rabbit with Mr. McGregor in hot pursuit. "People don't like to mess with brier patches," says Broadie, who has poached some land so often that he knows each and every hidey-hole by heart.

Years ago, the whole Broadie clan—Grandpa, Pop, Uncle Will, Art and his two younger brothers—used to fish Forbes Pond in the small town of Croton. "I loved Forbesie's," says Broadie, and his love only increased when a stern gentleman bought the pond and the surrounding acreage for his estate. Broadie came to know the new landowner's habits well, and although the landowner had no such knowledge of Broadie or even his name, he became determined to catch the poacher. It was a game in which Broadie took great delight. "One day I'm up there fishing the pond, and here comes the new owner with a state trooper," Broadie recalls. "That turkey yells, 'There he is!' like he was sure he was going to catch me. I took off through the woods with the two of them after me. There was no way I was going to beat them out of there, but I knew this hidey-hole, a big rock with a slope underneath it that was covered by blackberry bushes. I headed right for it. I was no sooner in my hidey-hole than I heard the trooper jump up on the rock. Then the owner got there. 'What happened?' he asks the trooper. The trooper says, 'He must be to the road by now.' I was tempted to grab his ankle and say, 'Nope, I'm right down here in my hidey-hole.' After they left, I skeedaddled out of there, and I didn't go back [illegible] for a week."

The Black Ghost was seven years old when he first went poaching. Dusk was falling as Grandpa and Pop led him quietly through the woods to the edge of a lake. There Pop stripped down, waded out into the water and began lifting what seemed like rock after rock off the bottom. Suddenly a rowboat bobbed up, Pop and Grandpa bailed it out, and all three got in and went fishing. "Ain't nobody to mess with you at this time of night," Grandpa said.

Knowledge of the best hunting and fishing on estates—such as those of Congressman Hamilton Fish Jr., or of Dr. Edward L. Thorndike of Columbia University, "that fellow who wrote the dictionary"—was "handed down in the family," Broadie says. "I figured those estates were all my territory. Ham Fish used to have some nice trout stocked in his private fishing preserve. Don't forget that

continued


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this was the Depression. Pop was a railroad man, and he was only working two or three days a week. Everything was a meal. Even the game warden didn't pay attention to the season, most of the time."

Broadie attended Hendrick Hudson High School and, although he played hooky to fish or hunt, he graduated in three years with an 89.6 average. "Latin knocked the hell out it," he says, "but I've always been glad I took it because I can break down words to figure out what they mean." Most of the time, Broadie talks like a rustic, but when he gets serious he will start using such language as "indigenous," "cogitating" and "my poaching proclivities." "Sometimes you got to go along with the crowd," he says, however that applies.

College was out of the question, so Broadie worked for an auto mechanic and then in the New York Central Railroad repair shops at Harmon, when he wasn't loose in the field. Deer were then protected by a closed season, and Broadie learned that the warden was out to nail whoever was hunting at DeRahm's Brook, where it flowed into Constitution Marsh across the Hudson from West Point. "One morning the warden shows up at the brook at four o'clock," Broadie recalls. "He looks around, no one else is there, and so he hides in some bushes. He waits and waits. Five o'clock goes by, and no one has shown up. Six o'clock. Still no one. Then this nice big fat buck comes down to the brook. The warden looks around. He doesn't see anyone. He pulls out his .38 revolver, shoots the buck and packs it out of there. A couple of days later I met the warden in a place where he hung out, and I just casually said to him, 'How does the venison taste?' That was the end of the conversation, and after that he never did run into me in the woods."

When he's out hunting, Broadie chews on black birch twigs so as not to get thirsty, and he habitually moves with stealth. "People who grew up in the city can't be quiet in the woods," he says. "They walk with their feet out because they grew up on pavement." The only man Broadie ever knew who was quieter than he is in the woods was the late Nelse Kingsley. "I'd be stock-still waiting for a squirrel," Broadie says, "and all of a sudden I'd hear Kingsley's voice right behind me, asking, 'Seen anything, Art?' "

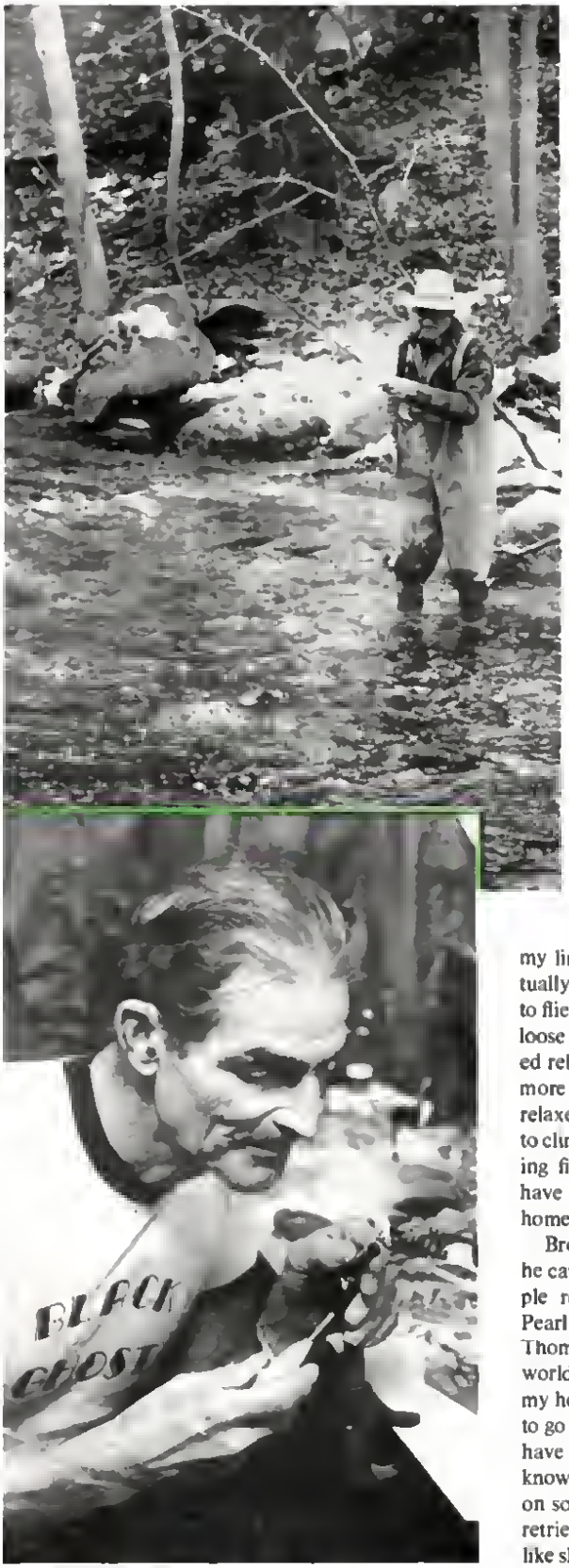
The New York Central found Broadie a quick learner. With the skills he acquired in the Central's shops, he is able to do all his own truck and car maintenance and repair, plumbing and electrical work, and carpentry. "I can put in the footings, lay up the foundation and completely build a house and put every damn thing in it," he says. He also ties his own Black Ghosts and other flies and jigs, does decorative leatherwork, makes knives, carves decoys and designs and builds his own duck boats. In the days when he hunted Constitution Marsh in winter, he built an air boat that could hit 60 miles an hour skimming across the ice. When he cuts a Christmas tree, he always cuts two, the extra one for spare branches which he inserts into holes drilled in the trunk of the first tree to make it absolutely symmetrical. "I'm learnin' all the time," he says. "How many guys would look at a picture of something in a book and say, 'I'm going to make me one of those,' and then make it? I do."

In 1943, Broadie married his wife, Alice, and then spent, by his own recollection, "exactly three years, one month and 19 days" in the Army. Returning home, he worked as a welder and pipefitter until he landed a job with the VA in 1963. Of course, he also returned to poaching. What else could a man like Broadie do with the 2,000-acre Camp Smith Military Reservation at his disposal? Broadie's activities so incensed the colonel in charge, whose children had a pet deer with a red ribbon on its neck, that he took to patrolling the roads himself at night in a Jeep. As Broadie learned after one narrow escape, the colonel would park the Jeep at the crest of a steep hill with the lights out. When he heard a noise on the road below, he would release the brake and zoom downhill, aiming for the intruder. Broadie was after ducks, not deer—he hasn't hunted deer in 25 years because that season conflicts with the bird season—and to avoid the colonel he clambered up the back side of a mountain, Anthony's Nose, before sunrise one morning. By eight o'clock he had worked his way down the other side into some prime duck country. Suddenly he heard an explosion, the whine of a shell overhead and another explosion behind him as the shell landed. He had arrived just in time for artillery practice. He ducked into a hidey-hole behind some rocks and waited out the bombardment for three hours. The next time Broadie hunted ducks at Camp Smith was between six and 7:30 in the morning. "Nobody gets up at six to start firing artillery in the peacetime Army," is the way Broadie figured it.

Art and Alice raised four *continued*



The Black Ghost sets his decoys on a pond near West Point while his son Eugene steadies the boat



As usual, Broadie has a stream to himself. Later, at home, he ties one of his nicknamesake flies

sons. The oldest is 35, the youngest 26, and Broadie took them all hunting and fishing. "Set them down anywhere, and they can make a tent," he says. "All fishermen and hunters and all law-abidin' citizens."

The Black Ghost has used a fly rod ever since his 16th birthday. His father gave it to him shortly after his mother died. "It was a three-piece, nine-foot el cheapo club," he says. "No one had any money. It had an old skeleton reel that cost 29¢, and I used to buy fly lines, mill ends 25- to 30-feet long, in a stationery store for 25¢. I didn't even know anyone who owned a fly rod. In those days the only thing I knew about fly fishing was what I read in magazines. I had the whole month of June to practice with cork-bodied bass bugs. Everybody used big plugs for bass, and they all laughed at me when I showed up with little bugs—until I started taking four to five fish for every one they were taking.

"Then I started to use the fly rod to fish for trout. First I used bait, worms and shiners, and it wasn't too long before I'd get my limit. Then I'd switch to flies. Eventually I started going without bait. I went to flies because I realized I could turn fish loose without injuring them. After I started releasing more fish, I started catching more fish. Maybe it's because I was more relaxed. This was the '30s, and guys used to climb up and down my back for releasing fish. Some guys still feel that they have to prove themselves by bringing home a fish."

Broadie remembers the days on which he caught certain fish the way other people remember where they were when Pearl Harbor was bombed or Bobby Thomson hit the shot heard 'round the world. "The memory bank up there in my head tells me what to do when I want to go fishing," he says. "Different streams have different rhythms, and you have to know what the trout want. For instance, on some water the fish like a fairly long retrieve of a streamer, and on others they like short twitches. Even the same stream changes from spring to late spring, with water temperature and water flow. When the water's high and the temperature's low, you can't rip a streamer in front of a trout's snoot. You have to tease him out. When the water gets real low and warm, that's high-speed fishing. You got to startle them into grabbing aholt.

"It all depends on the stream. Up on the Ausable, you want to use flies in tandem, tied on about 30 inches apart. The flies should be a brown, a gray and a black. The idea behind it is this: if I get a fish right away, I know what color I caught him on. If it's on the brown fly, I put on another brown fly but with a little different pattern. Then I may take a fish a little faster. My theory is that I'm coming closer to whatever natural insect they're feeding on, what's indigenous to the stream. You can take two streams just six or seven miles apart, both with the same species of insects, yet those insects will differ slightly from one another in color or markings. There have been times when I've gotten three fish on at the same time.

"Now if you want your heart to jump right out of your mouth, get on a stretch of the Beaverkill, tie on a size-four streamer, then six feet up the leader tie on a six-inch dropper and a dry fly. Overall, the leader is 18 feet long. Flip that streamer 20 or 25 feet downstream, and hold the rod up so that the dry fly is hanging up in the air. You make the dry fly dance up and down. Then you just dap the water with it. I mean a trout will *smash* it. But where your heart jumps out of your mouth is when a 20-inch brown decides to eat the streamer that you've forgotten all about. That jars your turnips!"

Nearly every spring the Black Ghost manages to dredge up at least one brown trout of three to four pounds from the turbulent lower Croton River when water thunders downstream from a reservoir that serves New York City. "I can tell you about this because I know no one is going to go down there to catch these fish," he says. "Conditions have to be just right, and there were just five days last spring when I had proper conditions. I need a rising water level on a dark, dismal, rainy day when herring are being washed downriver. They got nitrogenosis [sic] and their eyes are blowed out. Last spring, in all those five days, I got just one hit, and I took a 22-inch fish. How many guys will fish five days to get one fish? But then I know I'm going to

continued



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get a good fish or not get anything."

Last summer, before driving to Montana to fish during his vacation, Broadie was invited to fish Cedar Pond Brook, across the Hudson from Peekskill. Little known to the public, it is an historic stream that was fished in the late 19th century by Theodore Gordon, the father of dry-fly fishing in the U.S., and later by Ray Bergman, whose book, *Trout*, first put Broadie on to the Black Ghost streamer. Unknown to Broadie, an expert for a local water company seeking to dam the stream had testified shortly before in a state hearing that no trout existed in the lower reaches of Cedar Pond Brook, but in only two hours of fishing, Broadie, who had never been on this water before, landed and released seven brook and brown trout. Using a Black Ghost, he did not so much fish the brook as attack it. Standing ankle deep in fast water, he would whip the streamer upstream and retrieve it quickly in and around the rocks. He ignored the pools and seemingly defied every other convention as he sloshed around the brook, which was only 20 feet wide. One would have thought that the trout would have fled in panic, but on several occasions Broadie took fish almost right at his feet. "Got you, you turkey!" he would exult.

As he explained later, "During the bright part of the day, few trout are in the pools, but that's where most of your fishermen will spend their time. The few fish in the pools are only six to seven inches, and they have no brains, anyway. The good trout are behind the rocks where the water is broken. And they're there for several reasons: they have a better chance of picking up food, the white water gives them more cover, they get more oxygen, and there's always a backwash so they can just hold there without wearing themselves out. A lot of people don't think that fish can hang out in that water, but they're the easiest to catch because they've got to make a snap decision when they spot something that might be lunch floating by. Yet when it gets dark, a pool might contain 15 to 20 fish. Where do they come from? They drop down from the fast water."

Broadie prefers to fish alone—"Why should I waste fishing time telling some turkey what I'm doing and why I'm doing it?" he says—but his reputation is such that other fishermen, including those who consider themselves truly expert, will try to see what he's up to when they spot his camper near a stream. Bill Elliott, the wildlife artist who illustrated the new edition of Joe Bates' *Streamers & Bucktails: The Big Fish Flies* ordinarily comes on like Mr. Macho when he talks of his own fishing exploits, but the mere mention of Broadie's name causes him to fall on the ground like Dracula before a cross. "You've never seen anyone fish until you've seen Art fish," Elliott says. "I had heard about him, and whenever I saw that camper with the big Black Ghosts painted on it, I would park and try to sneak up on him and watch to see if I could learn something. The first time I watched him, he was fishing a run with a big Black Ghost streamer, and I've never seen a man cover as much water as he did. I saw him make six casts and take six fish. He can put life into a fly better than any man I've seen. After I sneaked up on him the third or fourth time, he finally turned around and said, 'For God's sake, if you want to see what I'm doing, c'mon over here!'

"He's extremely opinionated," Elliott continues, "but I like that because he knows what he's talking about. He's a guy who watches a lot and notices things that other people let pass by. He's very unorthodox. One time on the East Branch of the Croton River, there was a pouring rainstorm. The water was getting roiled and cloudy. Wanting something that the fish could see, I was using big nymphs, and I took six fish over 15 inches. I was very proud of myself. When I got about 150 feet above the Phoebe Hole, I noticed a guy in a yellow slicker and a cowboy hat. It turned out to be Art, and he was doing quite well, but the crazy thing was that he was using a big Royal Coachman, a *dry* fly, and he was catching two fish for my one. No fish were rising for a hatch, and most guys wouldn't consider dry flies at all, but Art was bringing them up. He's capable of making fish show themselves."

Asked about the incident, Broadie figures he wasn't at all unorthodox. He was doing what his memory bank told him to do. "First of all," he says, "the fly was a *fanwing* Royal Coachman, and that's important. Second, it was September, we'd had our first cold weather, it was raining, and everything correlated just so. You see, these fish know they're not going to get any succulent dry flies anymore, the good fly hatches are over. They think these fanwings are the last, and they want them. They're a delicacy. That morning on the East Branch, that memory bank just clicked up there, and I said to myself, 'Hey, this is the last day they'll be suckers for dry flies.' And that fanwing is a devastating fly, though I've never seen anything on a stream that looks like it. But the fanwing has to be tied just right with the wings spread quite a ways apart so that if you drew a line around the whole fly it would form a perfect circle. Then you want to use a leader that'll twist casting, but be strong enough to unwind so that the fly goes flip-flop, flip-flop, flip-flop, as it rolls on the water. Float that past a rock with 12 to 14 inches of water and a little hidey-hole underneath, and it looks like that fly is alive, flip-flop, flip-flop."

In the fall, the Black Ghost either goes bird hunting or fishes in the Hudson for stripers and carp. A few weeks ago he was fishing from the railroad trestle north of Garrison where Constitution Marsh empties into the river on the ebb tide. Broadie's youngest son, Eugene, was with him. Eugene has a big, bushy mustache, looks like an NFL linebacker and says little. Another man, a local landowner, was also fishing from the trestle. "Pop," said Eugene, "I'm going to see if I can get some ducks, heh, heh, heh." "You do that, Gene," said the Black Ghost.

After Eugene had gone back to the camper, got a shotgun and ambled off down the tracks, the landowner started to chivvy Broadie. "I've heard you've poached in your time," he said.

"Where did you ever hear such talk?" asked Broadie.

"Around," the man said.

"Around?" asked Broadie. "Lots of things are said 'around.'"

"You can level with me," the man said.

"Level with you?" said Broadie. "I don't have to level with anyone."

"Level with me," said the landowner.

"Mister," said Broadie, "I like to hunt grouse. So does Gene. Where you live, there are grouse. As Gene says, and you can ask him when he comes back, those are a couple of nice dogs you've got at your place. They don't bark when Gene comes around."

As the landowner's jaw started to go slack, Broadie had a hit. It was a striper. "Got you, you turkey!" he shouted. Then the Black Ghost turned to the landowner and said, "One other thing. I've always said I'm the biggest liar in 48 states." END

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by FRANK DEFORD

A FIGHTING START, A ROCKY FINISH



ROBERT URICH (CENTER) PLAYS BLEIER IN THIS "AFFLICTS PIX"

Rocky Bleier is one of the few pro athletes to have been wounded in Vietnam: on Aug. 20, 1969 he was shot in his left thigh and had his right foot nearly blown off. That he came back to become a stalwart starting running back on the world champion Steelers is a lovely story, especially because Bleier had been no great shakes before he'd been shot. It's instructive, for example, that the actor who plays Bleier in the TV movie *Fighting Back* (ABC, Dec. 7, 9 p.m. EST) is a bigger man than the football player.

Good art *should* be larger than life, but, alas, the dimensions of the film are not as outsize relatively as those of Robert Urich, the leading man in *Fighting Back*. Bleier's movie story is not without its merits, especially in the early going, and altogether it is better than most TV films, if perhaps not quite so diverting as a run-of-the-mill Steelers-Oilers game. A significant part of *Fighting Back's* failings may be attributed to the conventions and convictions that shackle all television movies and that probably diminish sports films more than others.

The problem with sports movies on network TV is that the medium is controlled by an antipodal alliance of male executives and female viewers. While most men spend a great many of their waking moments declaring that they don't understand women, there is a corporal's guard of American males—all in the bountiful employ of the networks—who are confident that they do understand women. It's an article of faith with these other-sex savants that distaff viewers, who constitute a majority of the TV audience, will watch only what they can "identify with" as women.

Also, the networks, and those males who fathom females for the networks, still assume that spectator sports are of interest only to males and that, *ipso facto*, women will tune away from a sports story no matter how entertaining it may be. That's probably why an inordinate percentage of TV sports movies are primarily about overcoming illness or not doing so well in the Big Game versus death. That way, sports films also can qualify as affliction pictures, or what's known in the trade as "afflicts pix."

True, perhaps the best TV sports movie ever made was an affliction picture, *Brian's Song*. Unfortunately, what has been selectively forgotten is that *Brian's Song* had little to do with women, it was about two men, Brian Piccolo and Gale Sayers, who loved and cared for one another. And yet a great many viewers—of both sexes—adored the film.

I bring this up because *Fighting Back* heads naturally and affectionately in the same direction, depicting the tender bond between Bleier and Steeler owner Art Rooney. Rooney is beloved by all, but he was cursed for decades by the ineptness of his stumblebum team. The parallels between Bleier's striving for success and Rooney's dreams for his Steelers are obvious and real; would that *Fighting Back* had followed this line of least resistance to a spontaneous conclusion.

Regrettably, just as the relationship between these two men is unfolding, the midpoint of the film approaches—a time when the other networks introduce new competition. It appears that one of the ABC executives who understand women decided it was imperative to force-feed a love interest into *Fighting Back* at this point so that women would start identifying and stop thinking about changing channels. In the role of weaker-sex identifier, Aleta (Bonnie Bedelia) makes a great to-do about not kissing Bleier on their first date. It's all terribly silly, and the movie deteriorates from there.

This is all the sadder because Rooney is played by Art Carney. What inspired casting! But Carney is wasted, he's never permitted to rise above stock Irishman and stock father figure. Worse, the intrusive romantic story line obscures Bleier himself. Once again we must go through that shopworn jock version of the big-breasted blonde syndrome. Can't someone love me for my well-developed sensitivity? Rocky, as the script has it, falls for Aleta largely because she doesn't know what number he wears and, thus, obviously cares for him as a real person.

They do share a very trenchant and touching scene near the end of the film, just before the '75 Super Bowl, but unfortunately this exchange damages the whole movie with its revelation. Aleta congratulates Rocky on his courage, his never-say-die spirit. But no, he says, all along it was insecurity that motivated him. He had no confidence that he could do anything but play football, so he kept trying out of fear.

This is a fascinating disclosure, making Bleier a much more interesting and sympathetic figure. But it all comes totally without warning. Until this moment, there has been nothing to suggest that Bleier is anything but a singleminded, if pleasant, gridnaut. You can't have a whodunit without a murder; neither can you have a whydidhedoit without letting us know early on that something's up psychologically. How much more involved we would have been with Bleier if, for example, he'd revealed these doubts to Rooney at the beginning of the story. As it is, we have no preparation for the unveiling of the very essence of the man. Consequently, we are not only disappointed that the movie has gone flat because of its trite love story but also cheated because the producers have given us much less than the best of what there was.

Once again a network has failed its viewers, female and male, by mistakenly thinking they need to identify with a story. What an audience really needs is to care about a film and its characters. **END**



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Come to Shell for answers

by Douglas S. Looney

When it comes to grit, Pitt is it

At a party Pitt Coach Jackie Sherrill gave not long ago for his players, several Panthers offered Defensive Tackle Greg Meisner $3 if he would eat a large fishing worm. Meisner immediately obliged. This upset Middle Guard Jerry Boyarsky; he would've eaten the worm for free. "Those guys are just not wrapped tight," said Linebacker Sal Sunseri. But Sunseri, who prepares for games by banging his head against doorjambs, may not be the perfect judge of such things.

All of which is just more evidence that when it comes to playing defense in big-time college football, it doesn't hurt to be several steps around the bend and a few ticks beyond crazed. Which is precisely how Pitt—ranked first in the nation in total defense—played against Penn State last Friday in the gloom, slop, snow, muck and cold of State College before 82,459 strong-willed fans.

When the brutal hitting ceased, the No. 4-ranked Panthers had defeated the No. 5-ranked Nittany Lions 14–9 on the strength of a defense that halted Penn State's running game and left the losers viewing the world through the ear holes of their helmets. Even Pitt Defensive Coordinator Foge Fazio was amazed at the play of his charges. "They had a reckless attitude, a wild approach to the game," he said.

The win was significant for the Panthers, now 10–1, on several counts, the most notable being that it left them in position to become national champions. That's the spot Pitt was picked for by many experts before this upset-infested season. Here's the seenario, as the Panthers see it: Southern Cal upsets No. 2 Notre Dame this Saturday; Pitt stifles George Rogers and South Carolina in the Gator Bowl; Notre Dame dumps No. 1 Georgia in the Sugar Bowl; Oklahoma whips No. 3 Florida State—the only team to defeat Pitt—in the Orange. Bingo, Pitt is No. 1.

There's no doubt right now that the Panther defense is tops. So awesome are Pitt's front five—Meisner (245 pounds), Boyarsky (275), Bill Neill (250), Ricky Jackson (217) and All-Universe Hugh Green (222)—that even when the Nittany Lions got close late in Friday's game, it seemed there was no way they'd ever score. "The main thing we try to do with our players is not to overcoach them, because they are so doggone good," says Fazio.

The best, of course, is Green. The day before meeting Pitt, Penn State Coach Joe Paterno was staring into his coffee and talking about Green: "If you let him, he gets you all out of whack. He just makes plays that nobody else can make." Paterno did not look pleased at the prospect. As the creator and master of the slam-dunk tackle, Green was warned by an official during the Florida State game to "quit tackling so hard." Green, however, is not very good at tackling easy. But his value goes far beyond his crush-

continued

Led by an iron defense, the Panthers stifled Penn State to keep alive hopes of winning the national championship



Worm-eater Meisner moves in on bigger game, State's Blackledge



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Avoiding a would be tackler at the goal line, erstwhile Free Safety Trocano scores Pitt's second TD

ing stops. For example, though he was playing against the Nittany Lions on a very tender right heel that he'd injured two weeks before, his mere presence on the field prompted Penn State—as it has everyone else—to run away from him. Therein lies one reason why Pitt's other defensive end, Jackson, who, like Green, usually plays what amounts to linebacker, had a very big day, making 13 tackles, 11 unassisted.

The Panthers hardly resembled a potential No. 1 outfit at the start of the game. On their first two possessions they were forced to punt and both Dave Hepler boots were partially blocked by Penn State Defensive Tackle Frank Case. The second punt, which carried only 12 yards, gave State the ball on the Pitt 45. This proved to be no great problem for the Panther defense, led on this occasion by those two hunting buddies, Meisner and Boyarsky, who shouted bear calls to each other as they turned the Nittany Lions away. Meisner killed a bear last year (contrary to rumor on the Pitt campus, he *did* use a gun), had it stuffed for $500 and put it in the living room of his parents' house in New Kensington, Pa. His mother wants it out and the coffee table back in. "I don't know why she's upset," says Meisner. "How many mothers have the honor of having a big black bear right there in their living room where everybody can see it?"

In the second quarter, Penn State leading 3–0 on a 27-yard field goal by Herb Menhardt, the previously lethargic Pitt offense caught fire when Quarterback Rick Trocano zinged a 32-yard screen pass to Randy McMillan and then followed with a 16-yarder to Tight End Benjie Pryor on the next play. Pryor ran a route just behind the linebackers and made a leaping grab in the end zone.

At the half, the Panthers thought they should have been ahead by more than 7–3—and they were right. But there was no panic. In fact, when an assistant coach faltered while trying to explain a complicated pass pattern in the locker room, Trocano piped up helpfully, "Don't worry, Coach. We know how to run it." Then Sherrill jumped up on a bench and exhorted his troops: "Go out there and make something happen right now."

Pitt players do what they are told. On the first play from scrimmage, Penn State Tailback Curt Warner fumbled, and the Panthers recovered the ball on the Nittany Lions' 36. Eight plays later, Trocano, who started six games this year at free safety after having been beaten out of the quarterback job by Dan Marino, rolled right on a naked bootleg and scored easily from nine yards out to run the count to 14–3. It looked as if the rout might be on.

But Penn State is almost never swamped. Another punting error, the beleaguered Hepler shanking the ball off his ankle for six yards this time, gave the Lions the ball on the Panther 23. Pitt got a brief reprieve when on fourth-and-one at the Pitt 14, Penn State Tailback Joel Coles swept around the right side directly into Green. No gain. But moments later, Trocano threw his second interception of the afternoon and the Nittany Lions were back. This time they scored when Quarterback Todd Blackledge, a freshman, threw perfectly to Flanker Kenny Jackson in the midst of three Panther defenders in the end zone. That closed the deficit to 14–9, where it remained after Penn State's two-point conversion try failed.

All through the fourth quarter, the Lions forced the issue. They had Pitt pinned on its own one, but the Panthers wiggled out; Penn State intercepted, reached the Pitt 37 but failed again on a fourth-and-one, this time when Warner was mashed by Strong Safety Carlton Williamson. The Lions' final frustration was a pass interception by the ever-present Williamson after Blackledge had gotten his team back to the Panther 34 with less than a minute to play.

Trocano was elated afterward despite mediocre statistics that included 6-for-15 passing. He oozes confidence. And practicality. Which is why he volunteered to play free safety last spring. "The writing was on the wall," he said. "And I can read. Marino was going to be the quarterback and I was going to sit on the bench." Trocano is a senior, Marino a sophomore. Even in triumph, Trocano seemed to yearn for the good old defensive days of September and October. "I loved being a part of the best defense in the country," he said. "I also enjoyed hitting instead of being hit." But when Marino twisted his left knee, Trocano was summoned back to the helm.

For Penn State, 9–2 and headed for a Fiesta Bowl encounter with Ohio State, the loss was harsh. It was, among other things, the first time since 1948-49 that the Nittany Lions had lost to Pitt twice in a row. Still, the loser's defense was plenty good enough to win; it shut down the Panthers, who had been gaining 428.8 yards per game, with only 234 yards, 64 in the second half.

And over in the Pitt dressing room, the boys were going nuts. "Our opponents look at us like we're crazy," said Meisner between bear calls. "But they're worried that if we are crazy, there's no telling what we'll do." Then Sherrill hushed his players and told them how terrific he thinks they are. Which they are. Certified crazy, but terrific. **END**

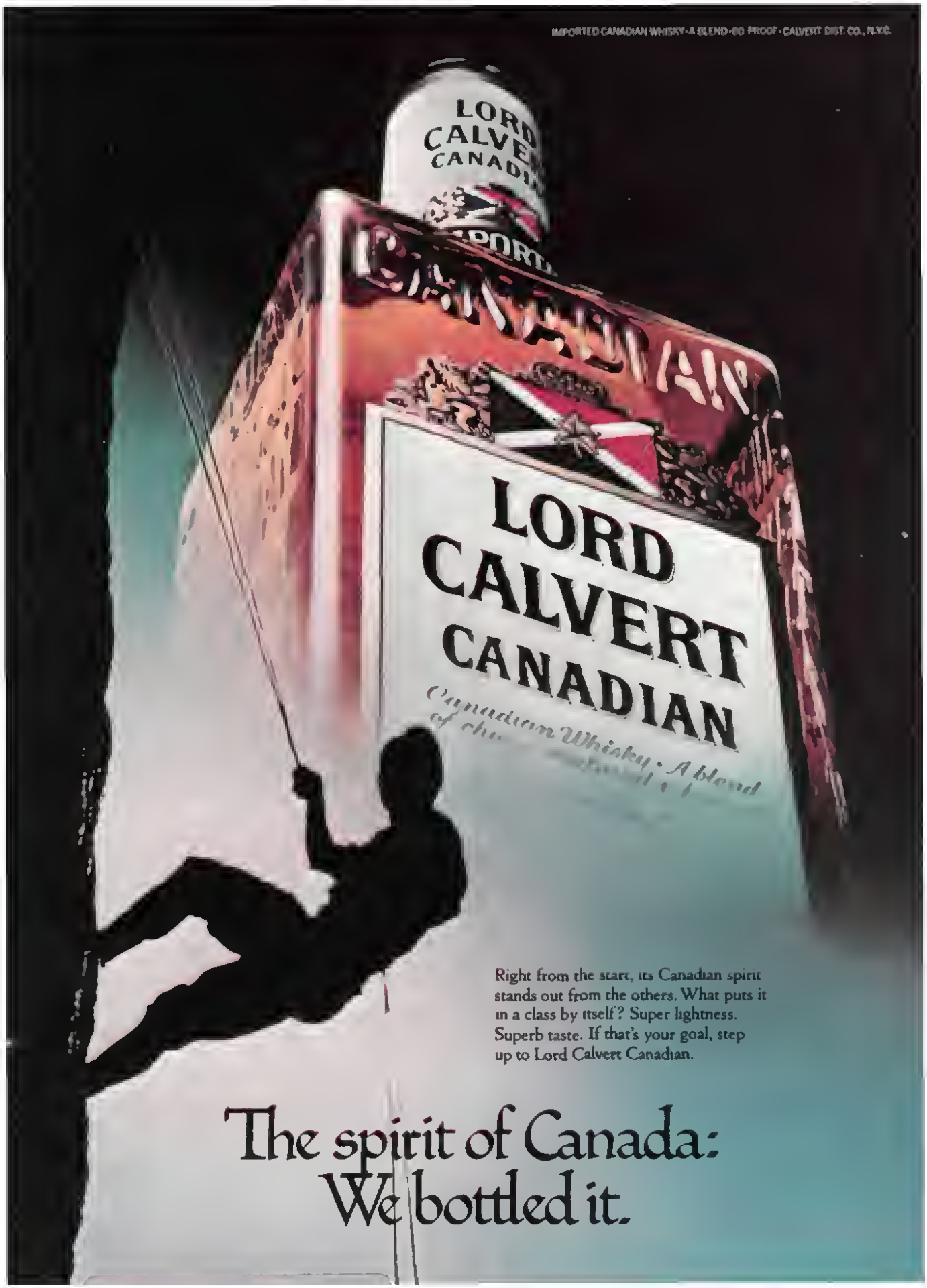


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It takes a tough man to make tender chicken, and Centenary's Cherokee Rhone fits the bill as a rough customer under the hoop and a sweet operator on the skillet

Kings Highway runs east-west through Shreveport, La., past Centenary College. The road is a fast-food haven typical of off-campus main drags everywhere. Students can have it almost any way they want it, from hot and juicy to soft and chewy.

The Kings Highway restaurants are popular alternatives to the lone cafeteria on campus. But none of the food in town rates better than the fried chicken served in a private basement eatery in Rotary Hall. Get back, Colonel, we're talking *real* lip-smackin', finger-lickin' chicken.

"I love chicken. Sometimes it seems that's all I have a taste for," says the master chief, er, chef, Cherokee Rhone. "I love it so much I'm thinking about starting a chicken farm right across the street."

When Rhone isn't shaking and baking over the electric skillet in his room, he's doing it on the basketball court as a 6′ 8″, 215-pound junior center. He's the only player in this season's major college crop who averaged at least 20 points and 10 rebounds per game and made at least 60% of his shots from the field during 1979-80.

Rhone's statistics—20.0 points, 10.3 rebounds and 66.6% (third best in the nation) gave Centenary fans a glimpse of something they haven't seen since Robert Parish, now of the Boston Celtics, graduated four years ago. The Gents had an 87–21 record in the Parish years (1972-75), but few people knew it because Centenary was on NCAA probation for academic violations.

"We have to hold the record for most consecutive years on probation," says Gents Coach Tommy Canterbury, who came to the school as assistant coach in 1976 and became the head man in January of '78. Centenary was on probation from 1972 to 1978.

Although the Gents are off probation now, some folks have found a new reason to ignore Centenary. "The officials at one Big Eight school offered us $10,000 to play them on December 22," Canterbury says. "Then they asked around and found out about Chief [Rhone] and all of a sudden December 22 was out of the question. Other schools have told us flat-out they won't play us until Chief graduates. He's definitely one of the best players in the country."



Fryers Club: Rusty Ward, Kurt Brumleve, Rhone, Jerry Smith, Lorin George and Napoleon Byrdsong

Rhone, who has the same room and 7-foot bed that Parish used at Centenary, realizes comparisons with his imposing predecessor are inevitable. "I hear it all the time," he says. "Someone will say, 'You're the best player we've had since Parish,' or 'We've sold more seats than any time since Parish was here.' I think it puts more pressure on me, but I understand. Those were great teams." Rhone must also endure a lot of talk about his first name. "People always ask me what's my real name," he says. "I tell them that Cherokee *is* my real name. They say, 'Uh huh, sure, kid,' and they look at me like I'm crazy or something."

Although one of Rhone's paternal great-great-grandmothers was a member of the Chickasaw nation, Cherokee, 20, was named after a man his father met in a bar. Like Johnny Cash's "boy named Sue," Rhone had to deal with the resultant teasing by himself. At age six his father left home, leaving Cherokee's mother, Bernice, a third-grade teacher, to raise the four Rhone children. "My mom is my favorite person because of the way she stuck it out, working and raising us," says Rhone. "I give her a gift on Mother's Day and Father's Day."

"Cherokee was always hanging around the house," Bernice says. "If I was baking a cake, he'd want to stir the batter. If I was grocery shopping, he'd push the

continued

cart. I knew he'd be a cook or a basketball player."

When Rhone wasn't helping his mother, he was going one-on-one with his younger brother, Tim, in bedroom basketball. "We'd take a sheet of paper and staple both ends together so it looked like a hoop, and tape it to the bedroom door," Rhone says. "Then we'd take another sheet of paper, crumple it up into a ball and play. We'd go at it all night. We got so rough with each other that Mom had to put a rim up in the backyard to give us more room."

By the time Rhone reached Springhill (La.) High he was good enough that they had to make room for him on the all-state team. After a year at Panola (Tex.) Junior College, he moved on to Centenary, which he led to the 1980 Trans America Athletic Conference championship while earning the TAAC's Newcomer of the Year award.

Rhone, a physical education-coaching major, jokes that he might not have attended Centenary if he hadn't been permitted to cook up plenty of chicken to satisfy his huge appetite. "When we give the players meal money, everybody else goes out to McDonald's or wherever and blows it," Canterbury says. "Chief goes to the supermarket and buys two or three chickens. Says it'll go a lot further.

"A couple of weeks ago I went by his room and he was keeping a dog there for his mother. Between the chickens and the dog, I don't know. I told him the NCAA wouldn't mind, but I wasn't sure about the Department of Health."

Rhone says he didn't trust anyone else to keep the dog, and as for the chickens, hey, a man has got to eat, doesn't he? "Cooking in the room's illegal? I didn't know that," Rhone says, fighting to keep a straight face. "I burn up a lot of energy so I make sure I get my three meals a day and then some. Besides, with all these guys around, one poor chicken doesn't stand much of a chance."

That's for sure. Rhone prepares chicken à la Cherokee by coating it with seasoned flour and then dipping it into an egg batter—"to keep it crunchy." After another coat of flour, it's ready for the skillet. By this time his teammates are chomping at the bit to get at it, but Rhone holds them off with a frown. "You should never rush a chicken," he says, with a seriousness that Harland Sanders would appreciate. As it is, Rhone can barely get the bird out of the skillet to a plate before it's time to fry some more.

As much as he enjoys his reputation is a cook, Rhone would like to make an even bigger name for himself as a basketball player. Last season he had 41 points and 21 rebounds in a pair of games against Arkansas. The Gents go against the Razorbacks again in two weeks, but most of the time Rhone will have to be content with opponents like College of the Ozarks.

He had 21 points and 10 rebounds in the Gents' 92–79 opening season victory over the Mountaineers last Friday. Rhone took only eight shots and made seven—six of them dunks. After the game, he gave his mother a kiss and invited her to join him for the best meal in town.

THE WEEK

(November 28-30)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDEAST Kentucky's 6′ 11″ freshman, Melvin Turpin, was so hyped up for the season opener against East Tennessee State that he trotted onto the Rupp Arena floor when the P.A. announcer introduced teammate Charles Hurt. Wildcat fans got a chuckle out of that, which was quite a different reaction from the one Kentucky's 38.2% field-goal shooting or 48–38 rebounding deficit got. The Wildcats led 41–25 with 14:53 left in the game, but the Bucs whittled the lead down to 56–53 with 45 seconds left, thanks to a ferocious fullcourt press and some poor Kentucky foul shooting—10 misses in 16 attempts. The Wildcats finally pulled away as Dirk Minniefield and Jim Master sank foul shots and Chuck Verderber scored on a layup, clinching a 62–57 victory.

After 20 years as an assistant coach at Alabama, Winfrey (Wimp) Sanderson took over as head man for the Crimson Tide. "People label this as a new era for Alabama basketball, but the only thing new is that we are going to play our guts out every minute of every game," Sanderson said. The Tide did exactly that while winning 93–66 over Northern Iowa, which began a new era of its own by moving up to Division I. An aggressive defense and Eddie Phillips' 23 points eased the way for 'Bama. New era or not, Sanderson could not help recalling the day in 1960 when he and his wife, Annette, moved from Carbon Hill, Ala. to Tuscaloosa, hauling their possessions in a borrowed coal truck. "We had a couch we bought for $5 and an old refrigerator that froze everything, even lettuce and ketchup," he said. "And we had a $10 stove and used covered orange crates for tables in our living room."

Six of the Big Ten's strongest teams won, three of them handily. Minnesota, with Trent Tucker scoring 22 points, beat North Dakota State 99–64. Mark Smith of Illinois had 20 points, eight assists and six rebounds in 26 minutes during a 98–65 romp over Loyola Marymount. "I'm shell-shocked," said the Lions' new coach, Ed Goorjian. "I wish I had a steel helmet." Purdue's new coach, Gene Keady, had a happier start as 6′ 10″ freshman Russell Cross got 25 points during a 72–59 defeat of Colorado State.

Indiana, Iowa and Ohio State, however, did not have such easy going. The Hoosiers, playing without Guard Isiah Thomas, who had a pulled groin muscle, trailed Ball State five times in the first half before earning a 75–69 triumph. Six Cardinal points came after time had run out. Three of them were scored by Mark Thurston, on a goaltending call at the buzzer and a resulting free throw. This so infuriated Indiana Coach Bobby Knight that he drew two technical fouls, giving Ball State four more free-throw opportunities. Ray McCallum sank three of them for a game-high 25 points. Iowa, which led freshmen-laden Northern Illinois 22–20 at the half and only 44–41 with 6:59 left, came on strong to win 61–47. The Hawkeyes finally got some breathing room when they went ahead 50–41 as Steve Krafcisin sank a basket, Vince Brookins scored on a steal and a layup, and Kevin Boyle hit a pair of free throws. Ohio State was bedeviled by Cleveland State Guard Franklin Edwards' 32 points and eight assists. Nonetheless, the Buckeyes, who trailed 36–35 late in the first half, were 89–81 victors as Clark Kellogg had 23 points, pulled down 14 rebounds and passed off for eight baskets. Herb Williams and Carter Scott also boosted Ohio State's offense, combining for 35 points.

Central Michigan, winless in its last 12 games on opponents' courts, twice won big at Michigan State's Spartan Cutlass Classic. Mike Robinson had 20 points coming off the bench as the Chippewas beat Detroit 93–70 and 26 as a starter in Central's 89–66 title-game win over Michigan State.

WEST During a pregame skit at Pauley Pavilion, a likeness of Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps, a mortician's son, was "buried" by UCLA students. It took a bit longer for the Bruins to inter the Irish, who streaked to a 24–12 lead in their try for a fifth straight win at Pauley. The Bruins came to life in the next two minutes and five seconds, scoring 10 points in a row. At the half, Guard Rod Foster had 18 of his 22 points, and UCLA led 45–40. There were other factors in UCLA's eventual 94–81 victory: the shooting of Mike Sanders, who had 24 points, and the play of freshman Ralph Jackson, who took over at point guard with the Irish leading 17–8. Jackson scored eight points, had

continued

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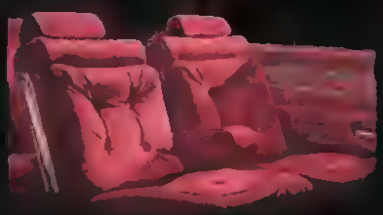
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five assists, made five steals and took care of the playmaking so that Foster was able to concentrate primarily on his shooting. The shorter but quicker Bruins also surprised Notre Dame by matching the Irish in rebounds, 31–31. A day earlier, the Bruins had beaten VMI 99–61.

After Washington's two tallest regulars got their fourth fouls, Brigham Young moved inside and turned a 60–59 cliff-hanger into an 86–70 victory. Danny Ainge had 24 points in that game and 22 the next night at Oregon State, when the Cougars lost 75–68. BYU could not cope with 6′ 10″ Steve Johnson or Jeff Stoutt. Johnson rarely saw the ball in the first half, but sank six of seven shots in the second and finished with 18 points. Stoutt hit on seven of 11 field-goal tries for 14 points.

"I hate to win with a zone," said Nevada-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian, who nevertheless did just that in beating Pan American 78–62. After being outrebounded 28–13 and being held to a 38-all halftime score, Tarkanian switched from a man-to-man defense to a zone, which limited the Broncos to 22.5% second-half shooting.

SI TOP 20

1. DePAUL (1–0)
2. MARYLAND (1–0)
3. KENTUCKY (1–0)
4. LOUISVILLE (0–1)
5. INDIANA (1–0)
6. OREGON STATE (1–0)
7. UCLA (2–0)
8. VIRGINIA (2–0)
9. IOWA (1–0)
10. NOTRE DAME (0–1)

11 Ohio St. (1–0) 12. Tex. A&M (1–0)
13 Las Vegas (1–0) 14. Bradley (1–0)
15. St. John's (2–0) 16. N.Car. (3–0)
17. Arkansas (2–1) 18. LSU (2–1)
19. Clemson (2–0) 20 Missouri (2–1)

MIDWEST

"I'm so damned proud of what happened," said Central Florida Coach Torchy Clark after a 57–41 loss at Florida State. Proud of a 16-point defeat? Well, yes. Clark was proud his Division II team didn't lose by more and that it went into an effective freeze with 14:08 remaining and the Seminoles leading 49–39. Dean Rossin, Central's 6′ 5″, 250-pound forward, simply held the ball for the next nine and a half minutes. To add a little spice to that otherwise dull interlude, Rossin, who was stationed at halfcourt in Seminole territory and went unchallenged by Seminole defenders, sometimes swayed his body to the rhythm of the drumbeat of the Florida State pep band. Clark's explanation for the prolonged stall was that, "I wanted the clock to run down to three minutes. I'm sorry we lost, but you always give your team an opportunity to win." Some opportunity. Once play resumed, it was the Seminoles who made the most of the chance by scoring eight of the game's last 10 points.

Bradley and Wichita State, the two favorites in the Missouri Valley Conference race, tuned up with easy victories. The Braves romped past Illinois-Chicago Circle 99–48. Bradley, which got 30 points from Mitchell Anderson, outscored Circle 28–0 during one stretch and did not yield a field goal for the first 11:57 of the second half. And Antoine Carr was the big gun for the Shockers with 29 points—he made all 13 of his field-goal attempts—during a 101–60 drubbing of Abilene Christian. Wichita State started fast and led at one point 36–8.

Northern Iowa gave Kansas State a bit of a scare, battling to a 27–27 standoff with 2:29 left in the first half. But that was it for the weary Panthers, who had played Alabama the night before. By sinking 12 of their first 16 shots from the field in the second half, the Wildcats took a comfortable lead and went on to a resounding 72–54 victory.

Joe Cipriano, who had coached Nebraska for 17 seasons, died early in the week of cancer. The Huskers opened the season at home against Wyoming under the direction of former assistant Moe Iba and nearly picked up a 52–50 victory even though their all-Big Eight center, Andre Smith, was sidelined with an ankle injury in the second half. But a 20-foot jumper by Mike Jackson of the Cowboys beat the buzzer and sent the game into overtime. Jackson then sank two foul shots in the waning moments of the extra period to seal a 62–59 win for Wyoming.

EAST

"Once we went inside, it was no contest," said Maryland's Lefty Driesell after starting his 21st season as a coach with his 400th career victory, an 86–64 win over Navy. More than anyone, it was Buck Williams who opened up the inside, with his career-high 27 points and 18 rebounds. Albert King of the Terps, who wound up with six assists, chipped in with 18 points.

BANGOR ENTERS THE BIG TIME read the program for Maine's game with Texas A&M. The Black Bears, who play Kentucky in December and DePaul in January in an attempt to make a name for themselves, began their pursuit of national recognition with a 66–57 loss. Tyrone Ladson, the point guard in A&M's unique 1–4 offense, controlled the attack. Capitalizing on its considerable height advantage over Maine, the Aggies' Wall combined to produce 42 points: 19 by 6′ 6″ Rynn Wright, 16 by 6′ 8″ Vernon Smith and seven by 6′ 11″ Rudy Woods.

Even with its Louie and Bouie Show a thing of the past, Syracuse had no trouble wiping out Columbia 108–81, as a record home crowd of 15,685 saw the Orangemen play for the first time in the new Carrier Dome. Tony Bruin led the way for Syracuse with 21 points. Penn State and St. Joseph's also won convincingly, the Nittany Lions 101–68 over Ursinus and the Hawks 76–62 over Scranton.

There's nothing quite like staging a tournament on your own court, as Virginia, Clemson and St. John's continued to prove. The Cavaliers won their own Tipoff Tournament for the fourth time in a row, the Tigers triumphed for the fifth consecutive time in the IPTAY Invitational, and the Redmen came out on top at the Joe Lapchick Memorial for the sixth straight year.

Following a 64–45 confidence builder over Bucknell, Virginia beat Virginia Commonwealth 77–62 in the Tipoff final. Tournament MVP Jeff Lamp of the Cavaliers swished in nine of 11 field-goal tries and had 24 points in the championship game. The Cavaliers displayed more versatility than a year ago, opening with a zone press against Commonwealth and making use of the quickness of freshmen guards Othell Wilson and Ricky Stokes. Clemson won with plenty to spare, beating Cornell 82–64 and then Fairfield 99–71, as the Tigers shot a remarkable 80.8% after intermission.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ROD FOSTER: The 6′ 1″ sophomore guard rallied UCLA past Notre Dame 94–81 as he hit on seven of nine field-goal attempts and had 22 points, four assists and a steal. He also had 14 points in a 99–61 win over VMI.

St. John's trailed James Madison 17–9 before rolling to a 67–58 victory and then held off Penn 68–62. Pulling the Redmen through in the opener were Wayne McKoy, who had 24 points and 10 rebounds, and David Russell, who had 19 and eight. MVP Russell duplicated his figures against the Quakers. "But the big difference was McKoy," said St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca of his center, who had 15 points and eight rebounds. Penn got four more field goals than the Redmen, but was decisively outshot at the foul line; St. John's hit 80% (28 for 35) of its free throws while the Quakers shot a tepid 53.8% (14 for 26).

Western Carolina's Ronnie Carr scored 30 points and sank the first three-point shot in NCAA history during a 77–70 defeat of Middle Tennessee State. Western is a member of the Southern Conference, which adopted the three-point rule this season, and the Blue Raiders, though not members of the league, agreed to play by that rule. Carr's memorable shot came early in the contest on a 23-foot jumper.

by William Leggett



Chris McCarron rode out of the West to carry away this year's jockey laurels

Go East, young man

Chris McCarron, 25, was the youngest person in the dinner crowd at Don Peppe, a restaurant located near New York's Aqueduct racetrack. The 5′2″ McCarron was also the smallest male diner and, at 109 pounds, by far the trimmest. As he ate a giant bowl of pasta with meat sauce and knocked back a veal chop weighing more than a pound, the other customers watched him with both envy and interest. People always seem fascinated by jockeys and what they eat—or don't eat. But these days McCarron is attracting more than the usual amount of attention, not because of his diet—an unusually hearty one for a jock—but because he's involved in a dramatic chase largely of his own making.

McCarron is trying, with a great deal of success, to become the fourth jockey ever to lead the country in number of winners ridden and purses won while amassing 400 or more first-place finishes in a season. Only Bill Shoemaker, Laffit Pincay Jr. and Steve Cauthen have accomplished this feat in the 72 years that such records have been kept. At the end of last week McCarron seemed a cinch to lead in both winners and money earned, and he was only seven victories short of 400. With purses of more than $7 million, McCarron has already earned some $700,000 for himself this year. So what keeps pushing him?

William (Red) Terrill, one of New York's most proficient trainers, looked at McCarron's statistics and said, "He's in the position now where he is riding for Uncle Sam. But you have to admire his ambition and desire to be the best. Even for a young man, the time he is putting into this is remarkable."

Since mid-September McCarron has followed the punishing schedule of riding as many as eight races a day at Aqueduct and then driving to the Meadowlands in New Jersey to compete at night. He often does not return to his room in a Queens, N.Y. hotel until after 1 a.m., and only once since he traveled east from his home in California has he enjoyed a night out on the town.

"When I left the West Coast, my wife, Judy, my two kids and I had just moved into a new house in Glendale," says McCarron. "I felt terrible about leaving Judy with all the work, and I miss my children terribly. I told Judy in September that I had decided not to go to New York to try to win the money and winners titles, that I wanted to stay and help the family get settled in. She said, 'Chris, you're going to New York. You're very close to doing what you want to do. Go do the rest of it. Do it for us and do it for yourself, too.' When I get through work at Aqueduct, I rush back to the hotel and call them every day. On some of those days when things haven't gone well and fans have screamed, sworn and booed the heck out of me, that one phone call makes me forget. I know how hard I'm trying, and it's worth it. To me, there is no feeling of exhilaration like winning a race. I guess it's a feeling something like a surfer gets when he's on top of the wave."

The public normally assumes that the rider who leads the nation in winners also leads in money earned. But things usually do not work out that way. A good example is McCarron himself. In 1974, at the age of 19, he set a world record for winners, with an astounding 546, but Laffit Pincay earned the most money even though McCarron beat him by 205 winners. A year later, McCarron again had the most victories—468—but Braulio Baeza won the money championship while not even finishing in the top 30 in winners ridden. In both those years, Pincay and Baeza were winning major stakes with horses like Foolish Pleasure, Susan's Girl, Wajima, Optimistic Gal, Judger and Honest Pleasure, while McCarron's victories were coming mostly in cheap claiming races in Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania.

Even in 1980 McCarron has not been very fortunate in big-money races. "It may sound silly to say this," says Vince DeGregory, McCarron's agent, "but we have more or less nickeled-and-dimed ourselves to the top in money earned. We have only won five $100,000 races. That figures out to about $300,000 in purses for Chris. Bill Shoemaker and Eddie Maple have made over $1 million each with just two horses, Spectacular Bid and Temperence Hill. Chris' climb to the top this year has been very difficult."

Also very well programmed by both agent and rider. For the last five months McCarron has been battling Angel Cordero Jr. for both titles, but a suspension of Cordero has all but eliminated him from either championship. Cordero was set down for seven days for fouling McCarron in a Nov. 16 race at Aqueduct and still has two unserved seven-day suspensions in New Jersey.

The battle between the two jockeys

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was ready to erupt last July when the California-based McCarron and DeGregory decided to head east to Saratoga and duel Cordero for 24 days. Then they rethought the matter. "Cordero just about owns Saratoga," DeGregory says. "He rides his very best at that meeting, or seems to. We decided to stay at Del Mar and win races there so that we could at least remain close to Angel in winners. Oh, we knew we'd have to go east eventually. But the timing was important. Moving a jockey from one coast to another is difficult, because a rider who's based in a certain area has steady clients among local owners and trainers. Chris had never ridden in New York for any length of time, and we had to establish ourselves as quickly as we could once we got there."

So McCarron waited until mid-September to go east, first to the Belmont meeting and then on to Aqueduct. Cordero rode 46 winners at Belmont to McCarron's 21, but McCarron rode brilliantly at Aqueduct. He got his first Big A winner in the first race on opening day; he then won on his first mount at the Meadowlands. He quickly became the leading rider at Aqueduct and pushed himself into second place among the riders at the Jersey track. In October and November, McCarron ended up in the winner's circle more than 100 times. Not bad for a young man who was once afraid of horses.

One of nine children, McCarron was born and raised in Dorchester, Mass., not far from Suffolk Downs. But until he was 15, he had never been to a racetrack. "In 1969 my older brother, Gregg, went to work as a stable hand at the track and I couldn't understand why he did it," McCarron says. "Gregg, who was working for a trainer named Odie Clelland, would come home stinking like a race horse, but I could tell he really loved it. Still, I didn't pay much attention to Gregg. He was just dreaming a kid's dreams. I spent my time following the Bruins and Celtics."

In 1970 Gregg had an excellent year, becoming the second-leading apprentice rider in the country and earning more than $50,000. So Chris decided to go see Clelland, too. "But I was deathly afraid of horses," McCarron recalls. "I really feared them."

He groomed horses, walked them, filled feed tubs and washed saddlecloths and bandages. Then one morning Clelland decided that the time had come to put McCarron on a horse. "It was a filly," Chris recalls, "and she sensed I was afraid of her and took advantage of me. She kept buck-jumping and I completely froze. Mr. Clelland hollered, 'Get off, get off!' But I was too afraid to move. Finally somebody grabbed the horse and I got down. I felt terrible. They didn't allow me back up on a horse for 10 months."



At Aqueduct, McCarron got another win aboard Haley

Then one afternoon in 1973, at the track in Laurel, Md., he watched Sandy Hawley ride his 500th winner of the year. It made an impression. "Nobody had ever ridden 500 winners before," says McCarron, "and I heard the cheers and thought, 'I have just witnessed something that will never happen again.' "

In January of 1974 McCarron, no longer afraid of racehorses, took his first mount at Bowie. He finished, as racetrackers say, "absolutely" last. He got his first winner on his 11th ride, also at Bowie. Quick.

Oh, how quick. By the time 1974 was over McCarron had those record 546 winners. "I wanted to stop when I passed Hawley's record of 515," McCarron says, "but Mr. Clelland said to me, 'Do what you want, but you could set a record that will never be broken. Not many people in sports ever get that chance. Why don't you think about going on with it?"

McCarron did. He rode six days a week in Maryland and then drove 2½ hours to Penn National to ride Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons before returning to Maryland to get up at 6 a.m. Monday to work for Clelland.

In 1975 McCarron led the country in winners again, and in 1977 he took his first trip to California to ride in a Champion Jockeys race at Hollywood Park. He took a look around and decided to stay. "I knew it would be hard on me because California was filled with outstanding riders," he says. "I also knew that I would have to make some major adjustments in my riding style. In Maryland I had won most of my races from coming off the pace, but in California the riders push their horses from the get-go. But I felt I could adapt."

The statistics show that McCarron was indeed able to change, though much of his success must be credited to just plain hard work. He spends two hours a day reading the past performances of the horses he will ride in the *Daily Racing Form*. "A jockey does not handicap a race like a horseplayer does," he says. "He looks at the past performances of his horse and the others in the race to see how the horses run: do they like it up front, outside, inside, between horses. Does it have speed or come from off the pace? That gives you an idea of what might go on."

McCarron also feels that as a young man in Maryland he gained a decided advantage over other young riders by studying the films put together for the use of the stewards. "I watched every race from a lot of different angles," he says. "They shot at the start, backstretch, three-eighths pole, three-quarters pole, the pan shot. I picked up on the riding styles of other jocks and also the habits of a lot of horses. I thought doing that might help me, and I guess it did."

Now, although the days and nights of autumn have been long and punishing for McCarron, he knows that soon he'll rest. "I have to get a couple of weeks off," he says, "because on December 26 Santa Anita opens, and I must be ready for that meeting. I need to get off to a good start because that is really the beginning of the 1981 racing year." It sounds as if McCarron wants to stand on top of the wave again. **END**

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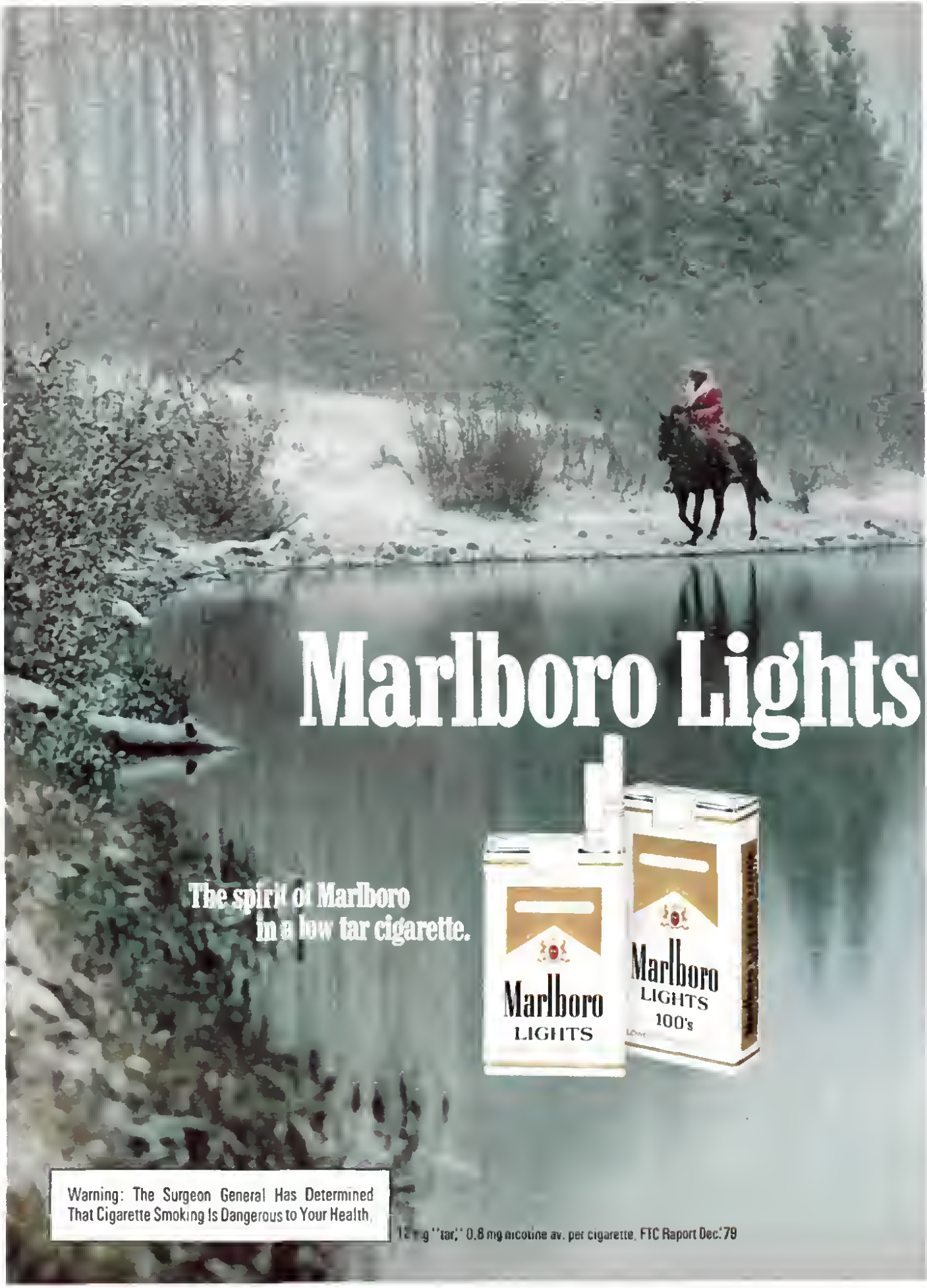
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Little Sister wins a race of her own

In the nationals at Pocatello, Mary Shea surprised everyone, including herself, by beating her sister, Julie. The men's winner, Jon Sinclair, was another dark horse

As they passed the two-mile mark in The Athletics Congress' cross-country nationals last Saturday at Pocatello, Idaho, two women, running shoulder to shoulder, held a comfortable lead over the rest of the field. Against a backdrop of snow-covered mountains, they appeared to be striding in step, an impression enhanced by the fact that they wore similar red-and-white singlets. These were the Shea sisters, Julie and Mary, and their lead with little more than a mile to go in the 5,000-meter race suggested that cross-country history was about to be made. No woman had ever won both the collegiate and the national cross-country championships in the same year. But two weeks earlier, 21-year-old Julie, a North Carolina State senior, had won the AIAW title in Seattle. Now she had merely to outrun her little sister to the finish line for the historic double. That should not be much of a problem. After all, Mary had never beaten her big sister—not in cross-country, not on the track, not on the roads, not even to the breakfast table.

Julie already had made some history. In Seattle she had become the first woman to win back-to-back AIAW titles. Mary, a 20-year-old sophomore at N.C. State, finished fifth there, and another teammate, Betty Springs, came in second as the Wolfpack easily took the team title. Mary had been in a group vying for second place behind Big Sister for much of that race before fading in the last three-quarters of a mile. Last Saturday she feared she might fall back again. "My plan was just to stay with Julie as long as I could," she said afterward. "At one point I felt like asking Julie if I should be trying to keep up with her. I didn't want to push myself too hard."

The Sheas have been running together for as long as they can remember. Their father, Mike, a P.E. instructor at N.C. State, used to throw a mattress in the back of the family station wagon and drive them to races on weekends. In the early days Mary didn't take the sport as seriously as Julie did. She remembers going to Frederick, Md. for her first age-group nationals when she was eight and finishing next to last in a pair of black-and-white oxford shoes. But Mary began

continued



For most of the race, the Shea sisters ran like this—Julie in front and Mary behind. With less than a mile to go, Big Sister faltered and Mary caught her

to work harder and improved steadily as a runner. At Cardinal Gibbons High in Raleigh she set national high school records for two miles and 5,000 meters and an American record of 32:52.5 for 10,000 meters.

Still, Mary had always taken a backseat to Julie, so on a long downhill stretch in the last mile at Pocatello, when she saw that Big Sister was slowly dropping back, her first reaction was surprise tinged with fear. "Come on, Julie," she yelled. Later, she said, "I felt so strange. I'm just not used to being out in front like that."

Julie didn't respond to her sister's pleas. She has been bothered all year by a debilitating condition in her left knee. "My kneecap is wearing away from underneath," she says. It hurt her just to walk at the start of the season. She missed N.C. State's first three meets and thought about redshirting. A cortisone shot helped temporarily, but the pain returned at the AIAW championships and increased so much last Saturday that she admitted, "I was sort of dreading this race."

For the spectators, most of whom were clustered in the distance near the finish line, it was impossible to tell which of the Sheas had forged ahead. They naturally assumed it was Julie. When the first face that popped into sight above



Sinclair broke from the pack and ran by himself



At Wichita, Tanzania's Nyambui won handily

the little rise at the head of the final straightaway turned out to be Mary's, there was an audible gasp of surprise. Little Sister raced on to win in 18:18.7. So much for history. Next in view came a struggling Julie, who finished in 18.31.1 and then nearly fainted. Still, she was eight seconds ahead of the third-place runner, Jan Merrill. "I was hurting," Julie said, "but if it had been Jan instead of Mary in front of me, maybe I would have been more aggressive."

Merrill, who comes from Waterford, Conn. and had won this event in 1976 and 1977, didn't realize until later that it was Mary, not Julie, who had won. "I can't tell them apart," she said. Merrill was leading at the end of the first mile, but during the second, which climbs almost all the way to the highest point on the course, she was passed by both Sheas. "They got into a groove," Merrill said with a shrug. "I got into a different groove." Her coach, Norm Higgins, was quick to give the Sheas credit. "The way Julie and Mary muscled that second mile won the race," he said. "They ran it as if the race ended at the top of the hill."

It could be argued that it actually ends in Madrid, Spain, because the top six finishers in Pocatello automatically qualified for the U.S. women's team that will compete there in the International Cross Country Championships at the end of March. For Julie, the chance to go to Madrid is what made going to Pocatello bearable. This will be her fourth International team and Mary's first. In addition to Merrill, the other three qualifiers were Brenda Webb, of Knoxville, Tenn., fourth, N.C. State's Springs fifth and one F.L. Smith sixth. F.L. Smith turned out to be none other than Francie Larrieu, the former American record holder in the mile. She qualified for her first international cross-country team in 1969, won the nationals twice in the '70s and then kicked off the '80s by marrying Jimmy Smith, a doctoral student in exercise physiology at North Texas State.

Unlike the women, the men did not use the Pocatello results to pick their international cross-country squad. The selection will not be made until early next year, which may be just as well because the American men didn't look all that ready for international competition last week. In fact, at the NCAA championships, held in Wichita, Kans. on the Monday before the TAC nationals, foreigners sorely embarrassed the good ol' U.S. of A. The first American to cross the finish line was Penn State's Alan Scharsu in seventh place. The University of Texas at El Paso's winning team was composed entirely of Africans. Like N.C. State in the AIAWs, UTEP won in a rout, but it one-upped the Wolfpack by placing its top three runners—Tanzania's Suleiman Nyambui, South Africa's Matthews Motshwarateu and Kenya's James Rotich—first, second and fourth, respectively.

The win was the fifth in the past six years for UTEP Coach Ted Banks, who says, "Some schools run cross-country just to condition for track. We run it to win a national title." Since going to UTEP in January 1973, Banks has won 13 national titles, including five NCAA track championships indoors and three outdoors. His success is a subject of controversy in NCAA circles because his teams have been composed almost entirely of foreigners who are older than the average American collegian. Nyambui's age is estimated at 26 to 28. Nyambui won't say. Banks doesn't know.

The 10,000-meter course in Wichita was flat and fast, favoring the field's milers and 5,000-meter men. That was fine with Nyambui, who has won the mile at the last two NCAA indoor championships and last summer won a silver medal in the 5,000 meters at the Moscow Olympics. Through most of the race he loped along in a front-running pack of four, which included his teammates, Motsh-

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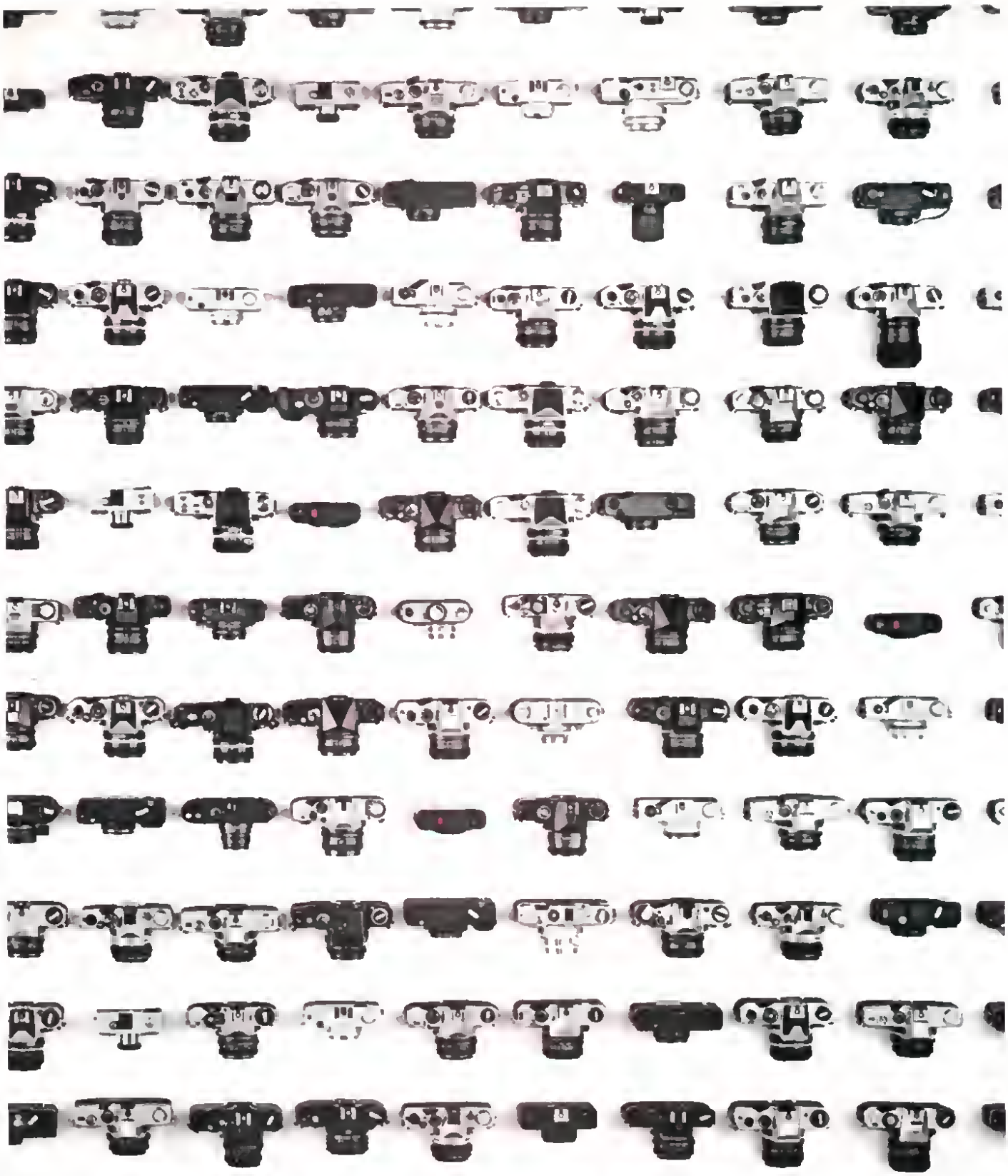
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warateu and Rotich, and another Kenyan, Fairleigh Dickinson's Solomon Chebor. Motshwarateu and Rotich took turns making surges to wear out Chebor, who eventually developed a stitch in his side and had to struggle in for his third-place finish. Nyambui waited patiently until the 5½-mile mark, then pulled easily away to win in 29:04.

None of the top six foreigners in the NCAA race went to the nationals, and without the lure of Madrid several top Americans avoided Pocatello, too. These included Alberto Salazar, the defending champion and recent New York City Marathon winner, and Craig Virgin, who won last year's International Cross Country title. Without them, the favorites for the 10,000-meter race were America's top road racer, Herb Lindsay, and yet another foreigner, England's Nick Rose. Rose had won this event in 1977 and finished third at last year's International Cross Country. Lindsay and Rose were among the leaders at the half-mile mark when suddenly a salesman for Gojo in Fort Collins, Colo., named Jon Sinclair sprinted away from the pack and put 100 yards between himself and the rest of the field.

Sinclair graduated last year from Colorado State, where his most notable achievements were a fifth place in the mile at the 1979 NCAA indoor championships and a ninth at the NCAA cross-country meet that year. He is not unknown to road racers, however. In the past two years he has finished out of the top 10 in a road race only once, and he had won each of his three starts leading up to Pocatello.

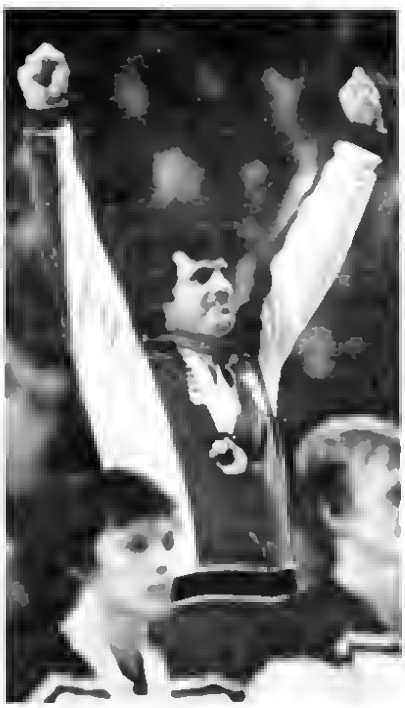
Those wins came after Sinclair's recovery from a knee injury that sidelined him all of last summer. When he began working out hard again in September, he drastically altered his training program. He started swimming two or three nights a week to improve his oxygen intake and also to help loosen his legs after running. He took up weightlifting to build his strength. And he greatly increased the intensity of his workouts by making his runs faster and shorter. Instead of covering 15 to 17 miles a day at a seven-minute pace, he ran 10 to 12 miles under six minutes each.

Sinclair went to Pocatello in the best shape of his life. Furthermore, he had an advantage over most of the other runners because the course was at 4,600 feet and he had been training in Fort Collins at 4,800 feet. "I saw this race as a war of attrition," he said. "It was a matter of who was hurt by the altitude first, second, third, fourth and, eventually, last. I wanted someone else to lead, and I planned to hang on near the front until the altitude took effect."

Unfortunately, it quickly became apparent that no one wanted to push the pace. "They were all willing to lag and go slow, and that was not the race I wanted," said Sinclair. "I decided to break open the pack, but when I went no one came with me. It shocked me to death. When I finished the first mile, I started to think about what was happening. I could see a group of eight to 10 runners forming behind me. They were waiting for me to die. But I was feeling smooth and untaxed. I figured I'd just stay out in front, and if they caught me I was running comfortably enough so that I was sure I could stay with them. I could feel what I had left. It was almost like reading a gas gauge."

Sinclair had guessed his opponents' thinking perfectly. He kept leading, and the rest of the field kept waiting for almost the entire 10,000 meters, which was essentially two laps around the women's course. "No one wanted to go after him," said Steve Scott, America's top miler, who eventually finished fourth. "At that altitude on those hills, we were too afraid of dying in the latter part of the race." Lindsay, who, many expected, would give chase, had left the energy for a late push in Chicago, where he had won a 10,000-meter road race in a snowstorm two days earlier. After struggling home in sixth place Saturday, he called his decision to run in Chicago "a mistake." Only Rose had enough left near the end to try to catch Sinclair. With less than two miles to go, he slowly moved to within 70 yards of the lead, but at the five-mile mark the altitude got to him. Eventually he was passed by Penn State's Scharsu and finished third. Scharsu never got within a football field of Sinclair, who coasted in at 31:46.6.

Sinclair was ecstatic. "No one has ever seemed to know who I am or where I come from," he said. "That didn't used to bother me, but lately it was beginning to. I think I've been underrated. I don't attract as much attention as the people I beat all the time. I've beaten Bill Rodgers three out of four times, and everybody knows who he is. This win should get me some public notice." **END**



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by Larry Brooks

Upheaval in Rangerland

As New York pursues its dreadful past, the coach is out, an interim coach is in and there's an Olympian in the wings

They hang from the roof at the Seventh Avenue end of Madison Square Garden, three lonely white banners with blue lettering and blue trim, each representing one of the New York Rangers' Stanley Cup championship seasons. They were put there two years ago as evidence of Ranger tradition, but the question might well be asked, what kind of tradition? The Rangers' three Cups were earned in 1928, 1933 and 1940; thus the flags seem to be hovering over the ice more like a shroud than a celebration. Forty years without a Stanley Cup is the longest such drought in National Hockey League history.

What's more, the Rangers have not finished an NHL season in first place in their league or division since 1942, two years before the center-ice red line was introduced. Every one of the 30 other major league baseball, football and hockey teams that has been in existence all of these last 38 years has finished in first place at least once since the Rangers—even the Chicago Cubs, who won the National League pennant in 1945.

But the Forty-Year Famine is not something the current Rangers can afford to fret over. As Ron Duguay, a Ranger for four seasons, puts it, "We have enough to worry about this year."

It certainly has not been a banner year. Injuries disabled a number of the best Ranger players and the rest displayed a shocking lack of industry as the team lost 14 and tied four of its first 22 games. Eight losses were by three goals or more. Fred Shero, who came to New York from Philadelphia two summers ago as the most celebrated coach of the era, lost his job after 20 games. Now the Rangers wait for the day when former U.S. Olympic Coach Herb Brooks will Concorde over from Switzerland, step behind their bench and do for the Rangers what he did for the U.S. at Lake Placid.

Shero officially resigned but was in truth dismissed by panicky Garden President David A. (Sonny) Werblin. Werblin apparently offered the coaching job to 38-year-old Center Phil Esposito, but Esposito wanted to be made general manager as well. No deal. Werblin finally was convinced that he should seek to free Brooks from his contract with a club team in Davos, Switzerland.

Craig Patrick, who joined the Rangers as director of operations this summer after serving as the Olympic team's assistant general manager and assistant coach, got in touch with Brooks, who was thirsting for a position in the NHL. Brooks has agreed in principle to come to New York, but he is committed to finish the season at Davos and probably will not join the Rangers until March. Until Brooks takes over, Patrick is the team's interim coach. Having a Patrick behind the bench in New York is nothing new. Craig's late father, Lynn, his uncle, Muzz, and his grandfather, Lester, all coached the team.

Patrick, 34, is New York's fifth coach in the last six seasons, prompting Defenseman Dave Maloney, the Rangers' 24-year-old captain, who joined the team in 1975, to say, "Every coach we've had since I've been here has been an interim coach." And the coaches' heads aren't the only ones to roll when the palace guard moves to throw the rascals out. Since 1974 the team has had four general managers and five assistant coaches.

"Look at the most successful teams in professional sports—the Dallas Cowboys, Montreal Canadiens, Baltimore Orioles—and they're all stable in the front office," Maloney says. "You have to question the sense of direction here."

Just two years ago the Rangers had climbed aboard the Upmobile. Shero came to New York as general manager-coach, delegated all his front-office duties to an old pal, Mickey Keating, and

continued



Patrick, Brooks' Olympic assistant, took charge when Esposito (right) rejected the coaching job



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nearly all of his on-ice duties to his former Flyer aide, Mike Nykoluk. The team prospered. Freed from former GM-Coach John Ferguson's thumb, the Rangers reacted to Shero's laissez-faire approach as if it were an emancipation proclamation and stormed into the Stanley Cup finals, upsetting the Islanders, champions in the regular season, in the semifinals. That they ultimately lost in five games to Montreal hardly mattered; the Rangers had captured the hearts of New York hockey fans and the minds of Madison Avenue ad agencies.

But it all began to fall apart again last season. Shero suffered from a drinking problem. The players took advantage of Nykoluk, who was unable to command respect. Nearly every practice session became optional, with many players who did show up rushing to and from the rink by limousine. "There are so many other things to do in New York, sometimes players forget why they are here," said Center Ulf Nilsson. "Sometimes players seemed to think commercials were the most important thing, and they forgot why they got commercials in the first place. Hockey is No. 1, but it was No. 2 for some guys last season."

The Rangers were eliminated in the quarterfinals last April, and Werblin proceeded to fire Keating and Nykoluk, hire Patrick to run the front-office operation and place Shero on notice. When training camp opened, the Rangers were optimistic. Disciplinary rules were posted; Shero was working diligently. Then the season opened. Don Maloney, the invaluable left wing, contracted mononucleosis and missed the first 17 games; Right Wing Dean Talafous suffered a recurrence of a nerve injury that had plagued him for two years and has not played a game yet; Defenseman Barry Beck, who suffered dizzy spells during the off-season, broke a finger; Duguay suffered tendon lacerations in his calf and has missed a month; Nilsson broke his arm and has missed five weeks; Goaltender John Davidson underwent knee surgery and may be gone for the season. Altogether, the Rangers have used 30 players, including nine rookies.

But injuries have been only part of the disastrous New York story. The Rangers played without enthusiasm, organization or discipline. Werblin, who encourages his players to strut their celebrity, began to meddle and got into a nasty newspaper war of words with Davidson concerning the goaltender's weight. Shero's status became shaky when the team lost four of its first five games. "It had gotten to the stage where Freddie couldn't communicate with the players even when he wanted to," says one Ranger. "We had lost respect for him as a coach. There had to be a change."

Ah, yes, there's that word again, the byword of the franchise. "When people ask me what's happened to the team that went to the finals, I tell them to look around," says Dave Maloney. "We're not the same team."

Nine players who said "cheese" to the camera for the 1979 team picture have departed in the last 18 months. Three, including Left Wing Nick Fotiu, an enforcer type who kept the opposition loose on the ice and his teammates loose in the locker room, were sacrificed when Shero and Keating went unprepared to the WHA dispersal draft in June of '79. Don Murdoch, a charismatic, sharp-shooting right wing, was exiled to Edmonton last March for keeping his charisma out too late too often. Defenseman Mario Marois was traded to Vancouver last month. But the biggest batch departed in the controversial trade that brought the 23-year-old Beck to Broadway from Colorado 13 months ago: four regulars and two minor-league prospects.

Beck, the 6′ 3″, 215-pound monster man, a franchise type, was supposed to guarantee New York's return to the finals—if not another banner. But Beck has played without a great deal of verve in New York; he has been reluctant to carry the puck, or even to attempt to gain control of a game. His biggest hits have come against small players, and at home. The same people who once saw the Beck trade as cause for celebration, now believe it to be the downfall of the organization. They contend that it cost the Rangers their youth, speed and depth.

As Shero left, the Rangers were staggering





Brooks expects to leave Davos next March

Beck himself says, "Anybody who thinks it was a bad trade is stupid." He contends his game was limited by Shero, and maybe it was. Patrick has loosened the reins Shero kept on Beck, and Beck has been more offense-minded and more physical since the coaching change. But he lacks the mobility to beat forecheckers one-on-one, à la Montreal's Larry Robinson, and he lacks the passing talent to spring forwards, à la the Islanders' Denis Potvin.

The Rangers have appeared to be more enthusiastic and better organized since Patrick took over, going 2–1–1. But as one player said, noting that New York was in a three-way tie for 17th place in the 21-team NHL, "How could we be worse?"

"It's Day 1 for the Rangers," Patrick said the morning he replaced Shero.

It's Day 1 of the 41st Year. Hurry up, Herbie. **END**


WHEN THE

LATTER-DAY SAINTS GO MARCHING IN



Out in blue-sky, pure-air country, Brigham Young students wear the well-scrubbed look and follow strict rules of social behavior. But when it comes to sports, winning big is the only rule for BYU by [redacted]

CONTINUED



Watching over what he created sternly as always, is old Brigham himself



BRIGHAM YOUNG

continued

And all Saints [who obey these commandments] *shall run and not be weary and shall walk and not faint.*
—Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon church, describing God's promise to him, made by divine revelation, if the Mormons would observe a moderate, wholesome diet and abstain from tobacco, wine, strong or even hot drinks.

We find within us the disposition to 'fun and frolic,' which, under certain conditions and circumstances, it becomes necessary to gratify, in order to insure perfect health and harmonious working of the whole human organism. The intelligent parent and school teacher are not ignorant of the fact that the body and mind of the child can be perfectly ruined by constant application to study and being denied the necessary leisure for physical recreations and exercises, and thousands, through the same cause, have become certified lunatics.
—Brigham Young, Mormon president and leader of the Utah pioneers, in a sermon delivered 11 years before the founding of the school that would bear his name

The only possible way to understand the big picture is to look at it this way: there's a vast invisible superdome covering all of Brigham Young University's 646 acres, and the dome is pumped full of goodness. One may come and go freely—which is maybe the main advantage of an invisible dome—but there's a vague feeling about the place that if you were to suddenly wheel and look up over your shoulder, you might glimpse a greatly magnified celestial eye looking at you. This isn't necessarily a frightening prospect to anyone on the campus, Mormon or not. At BYU, the eye is always benign. These days, it twinkles.

UTEP is punting here, but the Cougars did the kicking around, winning 33–7.



There are many taboos for Mormons, among them the pause that refreshes

Well, no wonder Brigham Young is a jewel of a college tucked away at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains in Provo, Utah, 45 miles south of Salt Lake City. This is a set designer's campus: at 4,600 feet, under a flawless sky, the air always freshly laundered and crisped up. Everything fits—the boys are stouthearted, the girls wholesome, walking through life with what novelists used to call "long, clean-limbed strides." It's enough to shake a cynical heart during an age in which everybody knows that purity gets you no points and nothing is as swell as it seems. But then, just when that reality starts to sink in, the bells jar you from such tawdry thoughts. Starting at 6 a.m. and repeating every hour, the tower on the upper campus peals forth with the first four bars of *Come, Come Ye Saints*, the Mormon signature hymn.

The hymn is a call to study. When the first of the bright-faced students appear on their way to 7 a.m. classes, there is a momentary impulse to leap upon one, wrestle him or her to the ground and check for a Mattel trademark just behind one ear, or perhaps a telltale inflation valve just where the umbilicus should be. Ah hah! Just as we suspected, not a one of you is real! You're all BYU props. Hundreds of Donnys and Maries . . . But they're not; they're all too real. And there in the dawn comes one final realization: this isn't sophisticated suburbia. Brigham Young may be the only college in America where the girls going to morning classes trail the aroma of Dial soap.

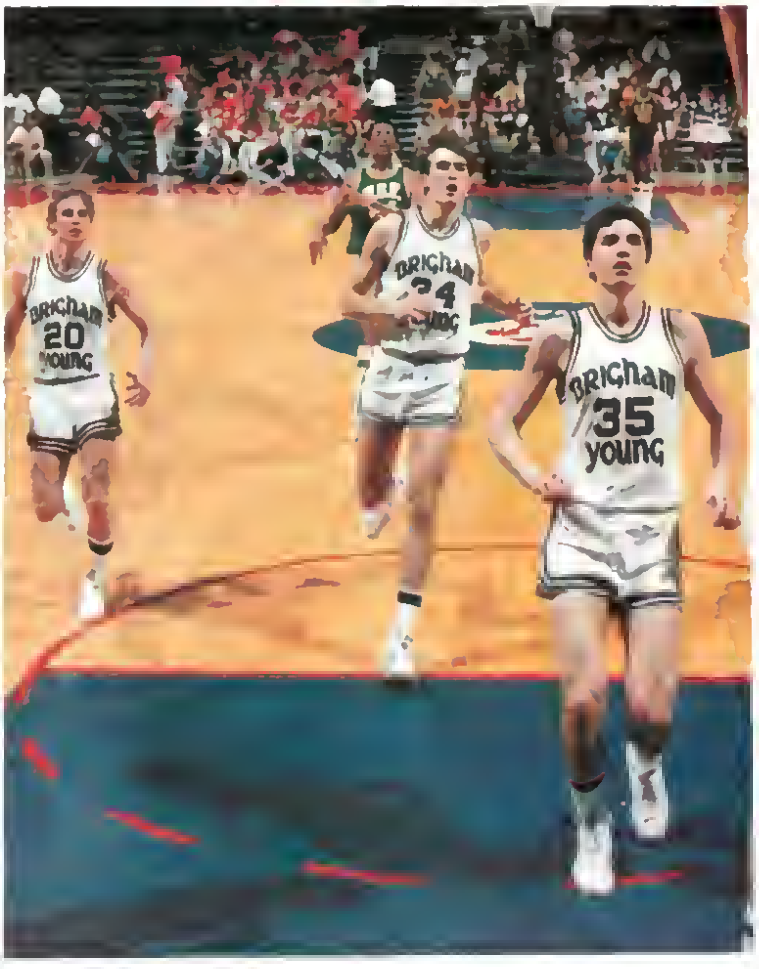
Maybe 95% of these students are Mormons. More officially, they're members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, also known as the LDS Church, which has a membership of 4.6 million worldwide. The members are usually called Mormons and occasionally Saints—which

continued



These students obviously came right off "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" set

BYU, here competing in the 1979 NCAAs, is as white now as it was then





Unlike chews, these locally made chews are legit if apparently quite beastly

BYU students find mildly amusing in this day and age. LDSers frequently call each other Brother and Sister, and they figure that anybody who isn't a Mormon is a Gentile, Jews included, which is confusing to the rest of us but maybe simpler, too. The Mormons took a lot of flak in the mid-1800s; some early critics and cartoonists insisted that all Mormons had horns, and a lot of folks believed it. The Mormons finally fled west by wagon train and found their own Zion in the Salt Lake Valley in 1847. "This is the place," said Brigham Young upon arriving at the mouth of Immigration Canyon, seeing the desert and lake spread out below him. And now this is the school—at last.

The point is that the Mormons got what they wanted. The mood on campus today is pretty much the way it is by plan—the successive administrations since 1875 have made sure of that. And if there's an air of goodness all around, well, by God, that is precisely what Young demanded. "Neither the alphabet nor the multiplication tables are to be taught without the word of God," he thundered—and Young was a man who could, and often did, thunder at his flock. He was 5' 10" and 44 inches around the chest, and in his glory days he was called the Lion of the Lord. Young had converted to Mormonism from the Methodist Episcopal Reform Church and had had only 11 days of what was known as formal education back in those days—but he was a brilliant, charismatic leader who advocated the hardy life and was intolerant of panty-waists. "Many persons are so constituted that if you put them in a parlor, keep a good fire for them, furnish them tea, cake, sweet meats, etc., and nurse them tenderly, soaking their feet and putting them to bed, they will die in a short time," he said. "But throw them into snowbanks and they will live a great many years."



In a ballroom-dance class, a couple makes like Fred and Ginger

Well, the Mormons have survived—and, more important, prospered—for enough years that their school has quietly become a force in the country: Brigham Young is now the largest private university in the U.S. With its 26,000 students, its enrollment is more than twice that of Stanford, 1½ times that of Harvard, three times that of Notre Dame, and it could seat all of Oral Roberts' student body in its field house—the *old* 10,200-seat one, not the new 22,700-seat job. What's more, BYU is one of the few colleges in the country with a growing number of applicants—largely because of a parallel growth in the membership of the LDS Church. There's also a growing sense of athletic feistiness in Provo, though, Lord knows, it took a lot of time to develop. Traditionally, the Mormons of BYU have been a far, far less imposing folk athletically than, say, the Catholics of Notre Dame. This isn't a matter of guts, nor are any of those Pat O'Brien halftime histrionics involved; it's simply that it takes a lot of practice and some national exposure for a school to develop a proper in-your-face stance. For years, the interests of BYU pretty much ended on Provo Canyon Road at the edge of the campus—in fact, until 1921 it was basically a teachers' college whose first president, a Lutheran retread, was paid in part in chickens and produce. But no more.

The day has arrived when Athletic Director Glen Tuckett can stroll through the practice fields nodding pleasantly at all the giants and permit himself a knowing smile. "We're a very missionary-oriented church," he says. "Are we *ever*. Well, then, think about this." The grin widens. "Purely for athletic reasons, now: if we wanted to enroll *every* good Mormon athlete in the world, plus every good, big athlete we convert to our church—just stash them here on our campus, put them on this team or that . . . think of it. All the king's horses, as they say, couldn't stop BYU."

Tuckett's right, of course. If the Saints ever decide to go into juggernaut-building in a really big way, they could pack the school with guys who have to duck their heads and turn sideways to go through classroom doors. The church counted 192,901 worldwide convert-baptisms in 1979, and LDS officials estimate that they have a national growth rate of 83,000 members a year. "But we don't want to load up here," Tuckett says. "We want to have good LDS athletes at other schools all over the place; our religion comes first, and those athletes reflect well on us." There was a time when Brigham Young Academy, as it was called until 1903, wouldn't hear of any claptrap about sports, pointing out, with great frontier logic, that the rigors of pioneer life left little need for additional special exercise. Thus, schools all around the Far West were playing games while the Mormons were still wearing swallowtail coats. But when the Saints finally determined that a little recreation was good for a body, as Young had said . . . well-l-l, then. Here come the Cougars, with their students rising as one to roar: *Smite* 'em, *Brethren!*

It isn't until one considers the mounting statistics that

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one starts to hear the distant thunder—which is the way it is with a school that has always been on the far reach of the nation's consciousness. In the 1979-80 academic year, the Cougars were the champions of four sports in the Western Athletic Conference: football, basketball, wrestling and golf. They will probably repeat in all four this year (on Nov. 22 BYU clinched the '80 WAC football title), possibly adding track and perhaps even an AIAW volleyball championship. Nationally, the Cougars pop in and out of the Top 10 and 20 rankings. BYU's golf team gave us Johnny Miller and, more recently, Bobby Clampett, and the Cougars have been ranked in the collegiate Top 10 in that sport for the last 14 years. Seven times in the past 10 years, BYU has made the Top 10 in the all-sports rating compiled by the *Knoxville Journal*. The university produces sparkling football teams whose All-America quarterbacks fill the skies with passes for collegiate records. The basketball team plays in the biggest on-campus arena in the U.S. The football stadium will be remodeled next year: 18,000 new seats will increase capacity to 53,000, all more or less on the 50-yard line. The design is just kooky enough to work, when it's finished, the stadium will look like a gigantic tackle box with rise-up trays.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY STAVER



President Holland says sports fervor will never get out of hand at BYU

Obviously, the Cougars aren't merely coming, they're already here: in royal blue and white, mostly blue-eyed and mostly white, with sleek bodies free of caffeine and tobacco, untouched by dope and Coke (Coca-Cola, that is), beautifully coached, ferociously clean-cut and so stunningly motivated you just know they occasionally dash off a prayer or two between plays.

That's a comment and not a criticism. As BYU President Jeffrey Holland points out: "It's our school and, therefore, we get to do it our way. We're a religious folk; we pray when we feel the call to pray. And we *are* a church school. We accept no government money; we pay our own way and we brook no interference. We're excited by our new power in sports. There is a traditional collegiate value in what sports can do. I went to graduate school at Yale, and I recall that the very *planets* stopped for the Harvard-Yale game. But not here. We try to keep our heads."

While they're all concentrating on keeping their heads over at the administration building, the Cougars are going crazy under LaVell Edwards, the best football coach the school has ever had. Edwards, 50, is a large, lumpy chap, secretly something of a poet and romantic. He grew up just down the road in Orem, one of 14 kids in a solid Mormon family, and during 10 years as an assistant coach at BYU, he dreamed passionate dreams about the day when he would unloose an all-passing attack. The diverting thing in all this is that Edwards doesn't look like an all-singing, all-dancing, all-passing coach. Sitting in his royal blue fieldhouse office—blue carpets, blue gadgets and trinkets, and blue-bound playbooks, with the giant blue stone on his WAC championship ring glowing softly in the semidarkness—the only hint you get of the fierce music playing inside Edwards is when he says, dryly, "I guess we have, mmm, maybe five or so excellent receivers, really good, and we substitute freely to keep them fresh. Then, of course, our running backs also are always ready to catch passes. You know how it goes: the center snaps the ball, our quarterback fades back—and I've been accused of sending the entire Tabernacle Choir out for the pass."

Edwards' long-awaited dreams are now abundantly real. In 1979 his Cougars produced the NCAA's first 4,000-yard passing season, 4,051, to be precise, and led the country in scoring (40.6 points per game) and in total offense (521.4 yards per game), and ye gods, BYU advanced an average of 6.89 yards every time it snapped the ball, no matter what kind of play. The Cougars went 11–0 to win the WAC, the fourth consecutive year in which they won or shared the title, and played in the Holiday Bowl, losing to Indiana 38–37. That was the fourth bowl visit in eight years under Edwards. This from a school that averaged four wins a year before Edwards took over in 1972. For these accomplishments, he was named WAC Coach of the Year for the second time, as well as Bobby Dodd National Coach of the Year ("Edwards is the guy you'd want your son to play for," says Dodd, the former Georgia Tech football coach) and Churchmen's Hall of Fame coach for 1979—which have to be two of the more obscure honors in the sport.

This season has been another highly successful one for the Cougars. After an opening game upset loss to New Mex-

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ico, they rattled off 11 straight wins and are currently ranked 12th in the country. A victory over SMU in the Holiday Bowl two weeks from now would secure a position in the Top 10.

Such success is remarkable when you consider that BYU has requirements that make other church schools look positively secular by comparison. Whenever Edwards or Tuckett finds a prospective player, no matter how promising or bright or eager to listen, they must alert him to the honor code before he signs. Most schools have honor codes printed somewhere in the freshman pamphlets, but nobody has a code quite like the one at Provo. Applied to all students, Mormon or otherwise, it's tied closely to LDS philosophy, which brooks no worldly clowning around. In terms of dress, this means no cutoff jeans or tank tops, no cutesy-vulgar T shirts, no beards, no long hair or unkempt frizzies, no wild mustaches or shirts unbuttoned to the waist so that the gold chains show. It also means chastity for everybody and no narcotics or drugs, and it means no coffee, no tea, no booze, no beer, no cigarettes, pipe mixture, snuff, cigars or tobacco of any kind—that lump in your cheek had better be Double Bubble.



Equipment man Johnson says Mormons take being Mormons seriously

Yet the atmosphere at BYU is far from oppressive; indeed, because one is surrounded by uniformly handsome and healthy people, it's downright pleasant. As with all sets of rules, this one is easier to stick to because everybody else is sticking to it, too; nobody has to look around to see where the lines are drawn. The students get accustomed to living life as if they're always on-camera. They know that on the great rolling lawns of the upper campus, among the Norway maples and flowering plum trees, holding hands is fine, very companionable, in fact. Sitting on the lawns is great, but only if one's limbs are artfully arranged.

"I'll tell you what the code does for us," says Tuckett. "It brings the level of everything up. We're attracting a special breed of students; you might call them today's academy types, those kids who would have done very well at service academies in the old days. They appreciate the discipline—they understand that it's cruel out there in real life and they want to learn how to face it with dignity and with their honor unblemished."

"The code isn't really too tough," says Offensive Coordinator Doug Scovil, an Episcopalian. Scovil is a creator of stunning quarterbacks; he coached Roger Staubach to the Heisman Trophy at Navy in 1963, his Gifford Nielsen and Marc Wilson were All-Americas at BYU in 1977 and 1979, respectively, and he has another one this year in Jim McMahon, who is passing everybody silly—to the tune of 4,571 yards. "We simply find that some kids flourish under discipline," Scovil says. "Our recruits from Catholic high schools are used to it already."

Just as it is with the statue of Brigham Young overlooking the campus, the code is simply there and it works and no more problems, right? Well, not exactly. For one thing, where are all the black Saints? This doesn't mean students with tan or burnt-umber skin—the campus is up to here with dark-toned Polynesians and East Indians and American Indians—it means blacks of African descent. There are four on the football team (two of them freshmen), none in basketball and just a few others scattered here and there.

As recently as 1969-70, no blacks played on any Cougar teams; heckfire, as the Saints sometimes say, there was only one black family living in Provo—and they worked up in Salt Lake City. That was BYU's grimmest year, punctuated as it was with anti-Cougar incidents and demonstrations. In one ruckus at Colorado State, an outside group staged an anti-BYU demonstration at halftime of the Cougars-Rams basketball game. It got out of hand, of course, and the BYU band and cheerleaders barely escaped injury. In another noted ruckus, Wyoming threw 14 blacks off its football team for threatening to wear black armbands when they played BYU—it was to be their protest against the Mormon doctrine on blacks. While all this was going on, various Afro-American student alliances and the American Civil Liberties Union moved to get BYU bounced from the WAC, and finally, Stanford stopped speaking for a time.

That's all over now. The blacks are coming, the blacks are coming—it's just going to take a while. As for the two upperclassmen now on the football team, both are junior-college transfers, both are tailbacks—and both attend BYU for exactly the same reason. Homer Jones is from Honolulu and Santa Rosa J.C. in California. Eric Lane, of Hayward, Calif. and Chabot College, the Cougars' leading scorer for much of this season, has averaged 4.9 yards per rush. "Brigham Young was a pioneer college started by pioneer settlers," says Lane. "Well, me and Homer are definitely pioneer black athletes. Other young blacks will see what Homer and I are doing and they'll follow us to BYU. Some are still hesitant, I know, but our example will influence them. And then, BYU will really be a football powerhouse."

The thing that brought Jones and Lane to Brigham Young

wasn't the Mormons' recently revised stand on blacks; it was the promise that they'd get an education, used-up eligibility or not. "BYU convinced me that it was as interested in my getting a degree as I was," says Lane. "Look, I'd like to play pro ball, but I'm not counting on it. I'm counting on getting a degree. Here, I get maybe 25 carries in four games. And there's no black community in Provo—which means no social life. But I lived in a city all my life before I came here; I've *seen* city living. And I don't want this to sound like a cliché, but Provo is a clean place filled with nice people. Everything is orderly here. There's . . . ," he considers the wonder of it, "there's *no graffiti.* In my case, I'm giving up a couple of years of heavy social life for an education. I think it's worth it."

It's clearly worth it to the folks who run BYU: Jones and Lane didn't stumble in by accident; they were intensely recruited, and if there's a vague feeling that these two are the house blacks on campus, there's also the sense that the recruiters are honestly trying to get more. "When I took the job here in 1976, I asked quite frankly, 'May I recruit blacks?' " says Basketball Coach Frank Arnold. "The answer was, 'If you don't, you can't have the job.' And while we've had only three play basketball here, it isn't the team and it isn't the school exactly—it's the lack of a social life. And that can be tough on kids." Says Tuckett, "It follows that when we get more black families in the LDS Church, we'll get more outstanding athletes."

It follows, indeed. If one is to understand the Mormon faith, one must also understand that rule changes are made from time to time by divine intervention. The revelations are delivered directly to the incumbent president of the church. Among the tenets upon which the LDS Church was founded in 1830 was one that said Negroes were the children of Canaan, who in the Bible had been made "a servant of servants" to his brothers. Though no Mormons owned slaves, Brigham Young railed in 1855, "The Negro is damned, and is to serve his master until God chooses to remove the curse."

It took until June 9, 1978 for the curse to be lifted. On that date, in Salt Lake City, LDS President Spencer W. Kimball announced a long-prayed-for heavenly revelation, specifying that all "worthy" black men could at last receive the priesthood (a status routinely available to "worthy" white youths at age 12) and all other benefits of Mormonism. In Provo, the staff of *The Daily Universe,* BYU's student newspaper, put out an extra; under the headline BLACKS GET PRIESTHOOD was the subhead: GOD REVEALS NEW POLICY TO LDS PROPHET, which has got to be one of the most unusual absolute, straight-faced scoops by any campus newspaper in history.

Lord knows, it isn't easy being a Latter-Day Saint; Mormonism is most assuredly not one of those good oldtime religions in which you clap your hands and sing a few choruses of *Bringing in the Sheaves* and then stand by for the golden slippers. The Saints have no paid clergy; everybody's a volunteer. They are required to tithe and work hard, and getting converts is a way of life. At 19 most able-bodied young men are called to go on recruiting missions. Each mission is for two years, and not only do the young men have to set aside whatever they're doing, sports included, but they also must pay their own travel and living expenses. Some 12,000 a year accept the call, and even now there are 23,656 men out in the field knocking on doors in their white shirts, somber suits and ties, short haircuts and ferocious sincerity. They appear in pairs: may I introduce you to Brother So-and-So.

This sort of thing is regarded as nothing short of terrific up the road at church headquarters in Salt Lake City—but it can drive a coach bonkers. There's no line of communication between the Mormons' ecclesiastical and sporting branches, and it has often happened that a coach has lined up a socko team only to have his very own church wipe it out by calling his aces away on missions. Between the 1973 and '74 seasons, Edwards lost 11 of them to mission calls and spent much of the next year scrambling for players.

Time was when Edwards would call a player around to the all-blue office and sort of wonder out loud if, well, it wouldn't be better if the kid, umm, played out his eligibility before going on a mission. Edwards would say, in effect, that the sinners weren't going anyplace; they'd still be there, and we've got a tough schedule ahead. "But I'm over all of that now," Edwards says. "Now our church pipeline is full of missionaries going in each direction. We keep in touch with the missionaries. I write them all letters; we encourage them to stay in shape, and we encourage them to come back and play. Most often they're more mature; they're certainly more settled down and ready to work hard. I've made up my mind never again to try and talk a kid into postponing a mission. In fact, sometimes I talk a boy into one if I feel it will help make a man out of him."

The missions hurt a bit more in basketball, Arnold says dryly, meaning that they hurt a lot. "The problem here, as opposed to football, is that ours is a skill sport; it isn't just a matter of staying in shape. And it's a fact of religious life that they just don't play a whole lot of basketball in the missionary field, and it's difficult to regain the delicate timing involved." This season's casualty, if that's the term, is Devin Durrant, a first-rate junior forward who was sent to Spain in search of new souls. The call came just when Durrant was peaking. He scored 13.3 points a game and shot 55% from the field last season. When he comes back, he'll still be a junior—but will he be able to make the team?

Some athletes, like All-America basketball Guard Danny Ainge, who summers as an infielder with the Toronto Blue Jays, allow that by playing on high-visibility teams they already are, in effect, serving as missionaries, spreading the LDS word wherever they go. There is a touch of disingenuousness in this line of reasoning, but there's also an element of truth. Certainly Arnold thinks so. "BYU actually needs a good basketball team," he says. "The team is a missionary tool, like it or not. It isn't a case of hoping to win—it has got to win."

Making matters even tougher for the Cougar basketball team is the fact that Utah is crazy about the sport. Perhaps one of the least-known statistics in the land is that Utah, with a population of 1,367,200, leads the U.S. in per capita college basketball attendance; in absolute terms, around one million Utahans go to games each season. At BYU, the im-

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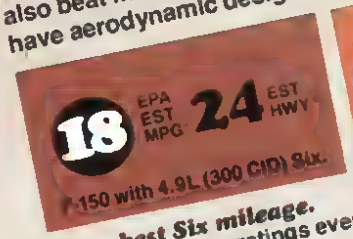
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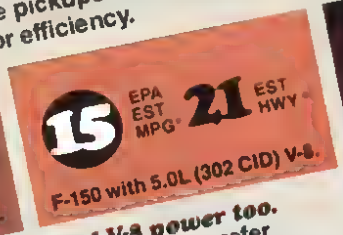
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mense Marriott Center is sold out in October; season attendance last year was 300,713, a school record. Cougar basketball grosses more than $1 million a season. "Many of the guys we recruit haven't even heard of the Mormons," says 6′ 11″ Center Greg Kite. "But when the coach tells them about getting to play in front of 23 *thousand* fans every game, it sort of gets their attention."

The sight is kind of impressive. The arena takes up three acres and occupies a hole in the ground that might have been made by a meteor: it's 10 stories from the subterranean basketball floor to the 130,000-square-foot ceiling.

It was from this grand edifice that Arnold and his all-white, all-cleanly-chiseled teams launched a 24–5 WAC championship season in '79-80. The Cougars could well match that this season, even without the missionary, Durrant. Arnold came to Brigham Young five years ago from UCLA, where he was an assistant to John Wooden. Like Wooden, he coaches "fast-break, quick-strike, fast-tempo . . . but controlled" ball; like Edwards, he's a Utah native and a working Mormon. "What often happens to us," Arnold says, "is that other schools will hear that a kid is interested in BYU. And even if they can't get him—or even if the kid isn't right for their school—they start to badmouth BYU. It's some sort of reverse psychology. They'll tell the boy, 'Well, go ahead, go to BYU . . . even if you can't dance or date girls.' Dance? Date *girls*? We happen to be very big on both of those activities."

"Well, some folks do think we never have any fun," says Kite. Kite is from Houston, and in 1978-79 was one of the most heavily recruited prep stars in the U.S. He was also a 4.21 (out of 5.0) scholar and a Mormon who had BYU on his college list right behind Duke, UCLA, Kentucky and Texas. But loyalty and the big arena and the prospects of being with his own kind won out. Which is why, he says, "I can see why it's tough for us to recruit top black players. Those scare stories about BYU don't help. The thing that would solve it would be to hire a black assistant coach. It can be done, you know. And then we'd get more blacks and they'd be more comfortable."

BYU has already got that angle figured out, and while it's not a matter up for discussion, the feeling is that Tuckett and his staff are at work looking for the right black coaches to introduce into the system. "But not just anybody will do," says Marion Dunn, sports editor of the Provo *Daily Herald* and an old Cougar watcher. "The same BYU standards would apply; those folks up on the hill won't go for any tokenism. In addition to being a good coach, the guy has got to be a good man, in the Christian sense of the word." In other words, he doesn't have to be a saint, as they say at the Y, but he sure can't be a sinner.

But, come on, isn't there even any *venial* sinning at BYU? Sure, some critics say, and one need look no farther than the track and field program to find it. Despite the Cougars' saintly stance, they assert, BYU is as guilty as any school when it comes to loading up on foreigners who'll lead the school to glory and then largely abandoning them once they arrive there. Finland's incomparable Lasse Viren was just such a case: he emigrated to BYU as a freshman in 1970, but stayed only one term, apparently suffering from intense loneliness off the track.

In recent years, about 10% of BYU's track team has been made up of foreign imports. "Very effective for us," says one Cougar official. This practice started in 1961 with another Finn, Matti Raty, who became an All-America in cross-country running. It was the LDS missionary program that got this movement going; although the missionaries aren't allowed to recruit, there's nothing to stop them from talking up BYU or perhaps flashing a picture or two. The hottest foreigner of them all was Kresimir Cosic, a 6′ 11″ free spirit from Zadar, Yugoslavia, who had heard about the school from an ex-player in 1969, signed on and went on to become one of the most popular—and best—basketball players in BYU history.

The current ace import is decathlete Tito Steiner, a senior from Buenos Aires. At 28 he looks more like a professor than a pupil. After competing for Argentina in the 1976 Olympics, he came to BYU to win both the conference and NCAA decathlon championships in 1977 and 1979; he's part of a dynasty in which the school has won the WAC decathlon title five out of the last seven years.

But Steiner isn't entirely happy in Provo. "My wife and I aren't members of the Mormon church," he says, "and it has been difficult for us. The U.S. is the greatest country in the world, Provo is a nice town; BYU is a good school, and these are a fine people—but we can't adjust to the life-style here. We accept their life, but we want to live our own way."

The latest Finn is Timo Saarelainen, who was a starting forward on his country's Olympic basketball team. He now plays at BYU and occasionally wonders why. "The biggest change is in getting used to the Mormon style of life," he says, "It's lonely."

And there it is again: the recurring theme of loneliness among the throngs of BYU students. It's true that the Mormons seem to have a closed society to those who don't belong and don't care to join. It takes a strong personality to stand up to it.

One who has stood up is Quarterback McMahon, who sets NCAA passing records with almost every game. McMahon is of Irish extraction and a Catholic. A tough, streetwise kid who was born in New Jersey, grew up in California and moved to Utah at 16, McMahon has been known to occasionally duck out from under the Cougar image and speak out. "I don't like living by somebody else's rules," he says. "I just want to live my way. I want to be Jim McMahon. Sometimes at BYU, they make you feel like an alien just because you're not one of them."

And even if you are one of them, life isn't always easy. There are times when the devil gets into Mormons just as he does anyone else. He can even get into a good, big solid one like sweet-faced Pulusila Filiaga (Pool-lu-see-lah Fee-lee-ong-gah), a defensive tackle. Filiaga is a 6′ 2″, 246-pound Polynesian who ordinarily looks like a malted-milk angel. Indeed, his only devilish touch was his "hula sacker," a sort of native dance performed over fallen quarterbacks and ball-carriers. "It's the Polynesian way to get really excited about things," he says. But Filiaga's problem was that he got so ex-

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cited during BYU's 70–46 trouncing of Utah State on Oct. 18 that he sacked Umpire John Birleffi, leaping upon him and pummeling him severely. There was no hula, there was just hell to pay. Even now, Filiaga doesn't know what made him do it. "It'll never happen again," he says—but he was suspended for the rest of the season and put on probation for all of 1981.

Perhaps Brigham Young ought to ease up some—back off a bit. Sure, good Mormon kids will occasionally step out, maybe hitting a tavern or two up toward Salt Lake. But the pervasive good life is overpowering: there's no fraternity row, with the occasional tinkle of breaking glass, with beery school fight songs and sentimental four-part harmonies hanging on the summer night air. There is only the peace that passeth all understanding. Well, it taketh a lot of understanding.

Meanwhile, the kids are popping Cougar Crunch on their way to class—holding the bright silver wrappers firmly in hand until they reach the next trash can—and as they chew, one can picture bones growing stronger, teeth whiter. Cougar Crunch, which is produced by Natures Gold Products of Orem, contains rolled oats, sesame, honey, wheat, peanuts, barley, soya, carob, corn, rye, flax, chia, kelp, almonds, celery, dates, green peas, alfalfa, millet, carrots and watercress. The old Lion would have eaten it.

Vigorous health takes on special importance in the splendid isolation of BYU. The feeling rides in the crisp air that the students think there's no other place like this in the world. It's obvious that the fierce sense of brotherhood and sisterhood comes because the school still has its wagons drawn into a circle. This is no Yale or Northwestern, with a major population center nearby. There's only Provo, ho-hum. There's the wall of mountain to the east, desert to the west and south and Salt Lake City to the north. The boundaries are marked.

But BYU is no anti-intellectual outpost. 72% of its 1,284 faculty members have doctoral degrees, and Brigham Young was one of four U.S. schools in the '70s to produce Rhodes scholars four years in a row (1974-77). It also had three Danforth scholars in a single year (1976). This sort of accomplishment never fails to stun the outside world. "I was totally unprepared and delightfully surprised by what I saw," says Dr. James J. Lynch, of the Department of Psychiatry, University of Maryland School of Medicine, after visiting in Provo. "BYU is an academic and religious oasis—an inspired university that has managed to swim against all these modern currents and still maintain a high sense of academic and spiritual excellence. It gives me hope that perhaps even now at this eleventh hour a similar sense of purpose can be restored to other universities that were founded and inspired by such ideals."

Holland will be one of the few college presidents who will face problems of growth over the next few years. It won't be a caretaker job; there won't be any holding of an imaginary line against declining enrollment and financing. With the Mormon Church growing and with BYU athletics suddenly loose upon the land, he has got a boom on his hands. "Theologically, we must make a case for the whole man and woman," he says. "We believe we are educating not just for now but for eternity. The school is now at maximum capacity; it's now my lot, for the first time in our school's history, to tell some kids they can't come. We turned away 4,000 prospective students last year.

"And we don't take church money to support athletics. For example, we need that new football stadium—which is being built with donated funds—but we don't need the attendant pressure to keep it filled, so when the day comes that we can't, we're not going to worry. Our strength is our independence."

Across campus at the field house, Tuckett is content with the system. Because it's a private school, BYU doesn't have to reveal costs—but Tuckett allows that the athletic budget is, astonishingly, less than $2½ million, and the teams do, indeed, pay their own way. But again, there is every prospect that sporting success will strain all of that.

"Last year only two schools finished in the Top 20 in basketball and football," he says. "They were BYU and Indiana—and Indiana only because we let the Hoosiers beat us in the Holiday Bowl." This year the Cougars made their regular-season debut against the Big Ten and stomped Wisconsin 28–3. "And now we're getting letters from Michigan and other schools—people who wouldn't even return a phone call a few years ago," says Tuckett. "They used to put us on hold. We're booked to open against Georgia in 1982. Baylor starts in 1983 and '84. And we'll play UCLA in '83 and again in a home-and-home series in '89 and '90. Like the lady says, 'We're dancin' as fast as we can.' "

But give old Floyd Johnson the last word on BYU and where it's going. Johnson has been the school's equipment manager for 24 years, and he speaks now from a lair in the bowels of Marriott Center, where the only noises breaking the hush are the muffled thumps of basketballs bouncing somewhere on the same level and the sound of towels spinning in the nearby clothes dryer. Johnson talks in the careful manner of a man whose teeth have grown a bit loose over the years.

"What not many people truly know about us Mormons is how serious we are about our mission," he says. "Take Coach Edwards. He's an honest man and a humble man, and at halftime or after a game he'll get right down there on his knees with the boys, right there in the locker room, and he'll pray with them." Johnson wants to make sure that the import of this is fully understood, and he eases his voice back a bit, speaking more forcefully. "And it's not exactly a halftime talk, as such. It's a prayer, down there on his knees. He prays so that the kids can understand. In a way, he's praying to our Heavenly Father, but in another way, he's not so much really praying as he is talking to the boys. Do you see? Well, it's aimed at both of them. It means that *the Lord can listen in if He wants to.*"

Of course one sees. It makes sense down in the recesses of the basketball arena and it makes sense back up in the sunshine of the campus, with the carillon tolling out *Come, Come Ye Saints.* These people are at work even when they're at play, turning out waves of young men and women they earnestly believe to be upright in the oldtime pioneer sense that Brigham himself would surely approve of. END

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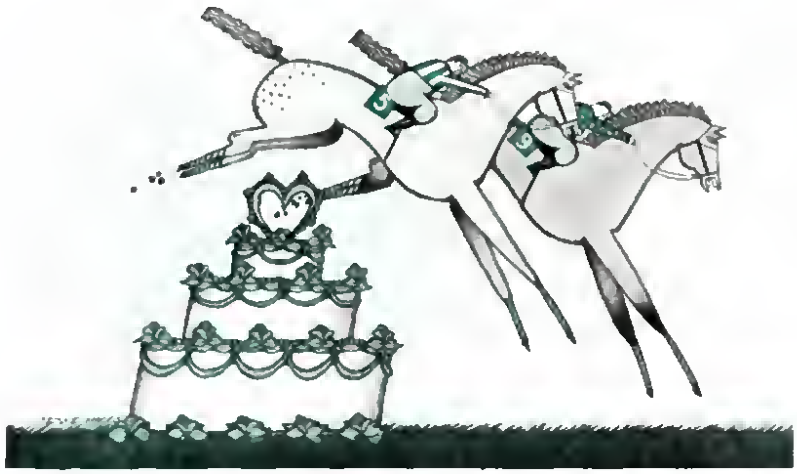


Smith-Corona

Reminiscence

by SAM TOPEROFF

THESE LOVERS DID PLENTY OF EXOTIC HORSEPLAYING DURING A HONEYMOON



It was the winter of 1966, but like the whirlwind courtship itself, the dialogue was vintage Bogart and Bacall. I recall saying, my upper lip pulled taut over my teeth, "You know, shweetheart, we're sure to get married sometime. Either this month or next." We'd met the previous week. This was our third date.

And Faith said, arching an eyebrow, "What about tonight, big boy?"

Around midnight I felt a final moment of indecision a few miles south of the Delaware Bridge toll booth as we sped toward Maryland and its no-blood-test marriage laws. "You know, maybe we ought to get to know one another just a little better," I said.

"But we're both gamblers, aren't we?" she said, referring to the fact that we'd whiled away many an afternoon playing the ponies. I nodded. "Then we ought to take the chance," she said.

The proposal was in Manhattan, the wedding in Elkton, Md. and the honeymoon in London, Paris and Athens. We had every intention of filling our days in Europe with shopping and sightseeing, but no sooner had we set foot on English soil than we heard about a hunt meeting (races over hurdles and hedges) at Sandown Park, only a half hour's train ride from Victoria Station. So much for Harrod's and the Tower of London.

On the way out to the track, Faith sat opposite a small, stocky man, large-headed, gap-toothed, the sort of chap who plays the loyal corporal in British war movies. His most distinctive features, far more noticeable than the teeth, were two bushy eyebrows raised high over very naughty eyes. "You know, these here jockeys has a way to make the horses fall when they want 'em to," he said to no one in particular as soon as the train began to roll. "I've seen races where they would do anything rather than let their horses come in first. 'Course, they were better at it in the old days; used to slip off themselves rather than tumble the animal, especially if the ground was nice and soft after a deep rain. That way they didn't have to shoot 'em."

Faith laughed as she said, "Shoot who, the rider or the horse?" I looked at her as if she were a stranger, which she practically was.

"Nothing much to lose when you fall off a 1-to-2 shot," he continued, "but if you were to fall off up at Mother Kilpatrick's in Soho, then you've really lost something, haven't you, boys?"

At his tastelessness there was a breathy gasp among the group in the compartment. But Faith giggled. For half an hour more nothing was said. The rustling of newspapers set the tone. At Sandown people got off the train with an air of controlled excitement, and for a moment Faith and I were separated. When I caught her hand again, she said, "Why, that nice little man. He gave me the first two races—No. 9, Hasty Lad, and No. 5, Bromo. Did it because he said we were in love."

"Hah."

"I told him we were on our honeymoon, and he said it's his present to us. Wasn't that sweet of him?"

"Tell you how shweet after the second race, shweetheart."

When it came time to place our bet, I began to grow nervous. "That horse looks a little smallish for a jumper," I said to Faith about Hasty Lad in hopes of finding some reason to wager on my choice and not some tout's specious honeymoon present. And I added, "Besides, he's carrying too much weight—12 stone," as though I had any idea how much that was in pounds or how much he was giving the rest of the field.

"For heaven's sake," replied Faith, "you don't know anything about jumpers, and that little guy gave it to me because he liked us. So don't be stupid." Hasty Lad it would be.

In England a bettor can shop around for the best price offered in the bookies' stalls. One named Totin' Teddy was offering the highest odds, 8 to 1. "Three pounds on Hasty Lad," I told Teddy, a white-faced toff in a bowler with a yellow plastic flower in his buttonhole. "To win?" he asked and, as I nodded yes, passed my bet along to his stooped, Dickensian clerk, who recorded it dutifully on a huge ledger sheet and handed me a pink ticket. "And good luck to you, Yank," said Teddy with lusty insincerity.

The horses were off before I could get back to our seats. When I first saw the field, Hasty Lad was last going into the first jump. He bobbled badly there and then, at a water barrier, almost fell. He subsequently took three consecutive bad jumps and finished a staggering 10th.

"You see, dear," I explained coldly, "weight means everything in these races."

"How much is Bromo carrying in the second race?" she shot back. I bit my lip and pretended I didn't know. "See, he's the lightweight in the field," she said. "In at under 10. Look, I know Hasty Lad was a bummer, but give the little guy a chance. Please bet this horse. For me?"

I bet Bromo with Totin' Teddy, again getting 8-to-1 odds. For the first half of the race he was a carbon copy of Hasty Lad—off badly, a few botched jumps. But then Bromo began to move, and by the

continued

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final jump he was ahead by half a length. But he took that hedge so badly that he was actually two lengths behind racing for the wire.

Bromo came on again, though, and won by a short neck, making Faith ecstatic and starting us on a day in which we hit the winner in four of the next five races. She kept saying, "It's the little man's gift."

A few weeks later we were off to Paris and Longchamp, where I made a major *faux pas*. After the first race, I mistakenly tried to collect a win payoff with a place ticket. The cashier glared and pushed the ticket back without a word. I shrugged and smiled weakly. Then, as I moved to pick up my 50-franc misunderstanding so I could cash it at the proper window, he slammed the back of my hand with a rubber stamp and grabbed my pinky in one fist, my index finger in the other, so that I couldn't pull my wounded hand out of his cage. Suddenly, there was a lot of French screaming, and Faith turned red with rage. She tried to scratch my attacker's face but was thwarted by the narrow bars.

Fortunately, an elderly, very distinguished-looking, English-speaking Frenchman came to my aid. Only the slight fray of his collar and a cracked lens in his binoculars belied his elegance. I explained to him, above the intermittent shouts, that I hadn't quite mastered the difference between the windows for *gagnant* and *placée* and that I certainly wasn't trying to steal the clerk's money. The clerk finally released me when the old Frenchman evoked the memories of Black Jack Pershing and Marshal Ferdinand Foch in my behalf.

"The racing here is gorgeous, but the betting is quite impossible," Faith told my rescuer, trying to explain away my difficulty.

"Ah hah, if you do not understand our normal racing, you must see the *tiercé*," he said. His eyes rolled back in his upturned head, and he went on. "It is absolutely *fantastique*. You would think it was an *américain* invention. But it is not—it is French. Ah, *tiercé, tierce*."

"But what is it exactly?" I asked.

"Ah, what is it?" he said. "A way of life—no, no, a way of starvation. Who knows?" He puffed his cheeks helplessly and gave a Gallic shrug. "This morning all of France wagers on the *tiercé*. It is all quite mad, quite mad."

"But what is it exactly? A lottery?"

"A lottery? No, no, no, no. It is a wager, a wager, *monsieur*. There is a skill; you must know horse racing. Ten thousand, a hundred thousand, one million francs are wagered each Sunday morning on the *tiercé*. It is here this very afternoon, the fifth race."

He examined his program and continued, "It is the reason I have come. I have a good feeling all week. One must pick the order of the first three who finish. I myself have picked two of the first three. Perhaps today. . . . So you see it is most assuredly not a lottery. No, no, no, no. And the winnings, my friend. . . ." He slapped his forehead and his gray eyes rolled again, in a mock faint. He had also hooked Faith's arm, but she didn't seem to mind a bit. We invited him to join us and he accepted.

Faith won the fourth race with a horse called *Le Pêché*. Her winnings came to 70 francs, which she promptly reinvested in the *tiercé*. She decided to wheel Nos. 9 and 5 with the rest of the field. The Frenchman hurriedly did the same. I sat it out, thinking that this most assuredly was a lottery.

Winning the *tiercé* was exciting for them, even if the race wasn't. The No. 9 horse won wire to wire. No. 5 chased him the entire way and finished four lengths ahead of the third horse. Afterward our companion sat stunned for many minutes. At the announcement of the price, almost 5,000 francs, he merely stood, bowed and kissed Faith's hand. Tears were in his eyes.

Traffic crawled all the way back to our hotel. Not a word passed in the taxi. Faith just smiled. Somewhere near the Arc de Triomphe, I asked, "How come?"

"Don't you remember?" she said. "Those were the numbers the little man on the train gave us in London. His honeymoon present to us. Didn't work then, but everything comes around eventually, doesn't it?"

The day before we arrived in Athens the military seized control of the Greek government. After sensing the desperate spirit of the place, we quickly made plans to leave. We stayed only one day, but we at least got to the races at Phaleron Park, where Faith caught the eye of a major in the Greek army. He was a gross, perspiring man with a withered arm. With him was a tiny hunchback with mirrored glasses and a distorted face who ran here and there, making exotic bets at the major's bidding. For our benefit

continued

tracy austin

SATISFIED







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he announced in English how much his master wagered on each race—"forty drachmas ... sixty drachmas ... one hundred drachmas." It was this warped emissary who invited us to the major's box. I never for a moment would have considered refusing the major's invitation. Nor was I going to get into a betting competition with him.

When the horses took the track for the next race, I was surprised that they were almost all Arabian stallions. However, it was a small dark-brown thoroughbred filly that drew my attention. She was built along classic English lines. I pointed to the track and then to No. 9 on my program, because the major seemed curious about which horse I preferred. "No chance," he said threateningly in English and executed the horse by drawing a line through the Greek name on my program. How many men had he killed as easily, I wondered.

He smiled and winked at my wife. Faith looked away. He then tapped No. 5 in my program, closed his eyes and nodded to me assuredly. To emphasize the point, he gave his servant 300 drachmas.

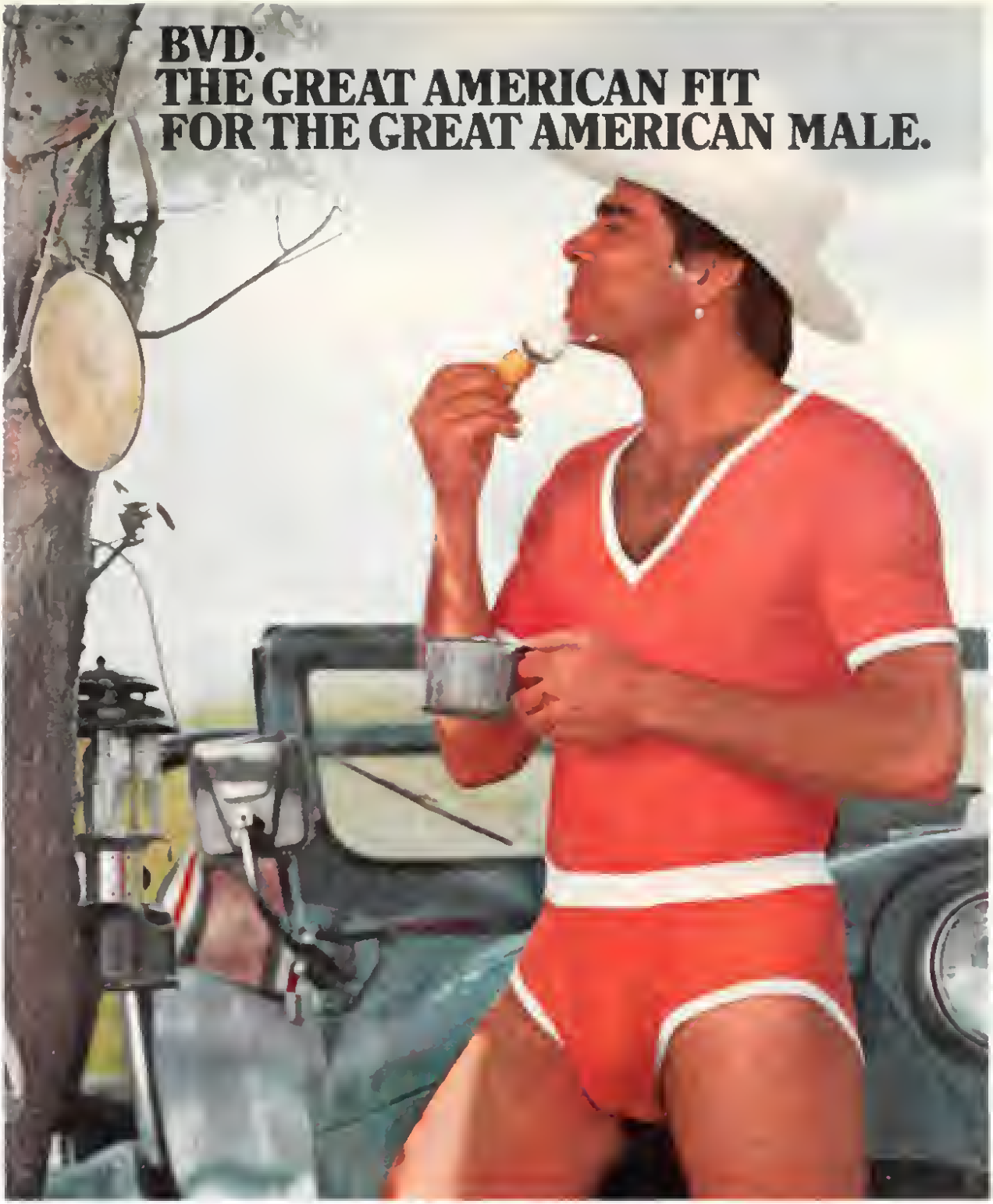
"Three hundred drachmas to win on No. 5," shouted the dwarf.

Faith didn't have to tell me, but in pig Latin she said, while smiling appealingly for the major, "Et-bay the ine-nay, darling." I disappeared and bet 50 drachmas on No. 9 to win. I returned in time to see my sleek little filly slip through on the rail and beat the major's front-runner by almost a length. She paid 15 to 1, thanks no doubt to all the bettors the major had scared off.

He stared cruelly at the finish line. Then he looked sideways at me, glowered and fixed his face in a tight smile. Clearly, he was most dangerous when he smiled. Faith patted his shoulder and his expression softened. She said, coyly, "You, no chance, either. Goodby." Pure Bacall. If only Bogart were really backing her up! I could see the major had the impression she would be back alone.

Fourteen years have passed since our horseplaying honeymoon. We have begun our slide into middle age, I a little faster than she. We rarely go to the track anymore, though I will play an occasional 9-5 daily double at OTB. But mortgage payments and the kids' tuition doth make cowards of us all. Still, there was a time when Faith and I knew we ought to take the chance. And we did. Let it be recorded. **END**

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First Person

by FELICIA LAMPORT

THESE CHESS GAMES LAST A DECADE AND ALL THE MOVES ARE IN THE CARDS

At 2:18 this morning, I scrawled "49. P-QB4" on a postcard and rushed it to a mailbox before I could reconsider my move. This unorthodox conduct would appear entirely reasonable to the 15,000 other people in the U.S. who are postal chess players. They include a good sampling of every age bracket, every profession, every group one can name—except women. The United States Chess Federation, largest of the correspondence leagues, has 12,000 postal players, of whom only 226 are women.

I became one of those 226 in 1978 when a bad hip reduced my mobility and left me with too much spare time. This state of affairs inspired me to pay a $9 fee and enter the 31st Annual USCF Golden Knights Postal Chess Tournament, in which 2,352 contestants were divided into seven-player round-robin sections.

There were modest prizes for the first 100 places, but material rewards were of no concern to me. As a pretty fair social player but hardly a serious student of the game, I was out for diversion, not for blood. To ensure adequate amusement, I ponied up another $9 and entered a second section of the tournament, thereby involving myself in a dozen games. Though playing by mail had always struck me as being too slow, it now seemed a good way to help keep the time off my feet from becoming time on my hands.

I was mildly confused when my list of opponents arrived from the USCF and plunged me into games with 12 strange men in seven states, half of them playing Black, half playing White. Identified only by name, address and chess rating, my opponents merged into an ominous, bristling mass.

And it didn't help matters when one day I received a card from each of the six Whites, who always begin. Five confined their correspondence to opening moves; the sixth added, "I wish you all the luck in the world, except in this game." I took this for levity, a mistake that would become apparent four months and 17 moves later when that player, noting that he was calling a time penalty on one of our mutual opponents, wrote, "I'd do *anything* to win a game."

I was still trying to decide whether it was better form to make my cards chatty or laconic when the next missive came from the Black side: "You're playing White and you've had the assignment sheet 4 days. Rule 15 specifies a 3-day limit. Where's your move?" Jolted, I whipped off all my opening moves and my responses to the White openers I'd received. Only then did I pause to check Rule 15 in the USCF instruction pamphlet. The Black note was correct, but I got a real jolt when my eyes fell on Rule 14 (a): *Players who expect their games to go beyond two years must notify the Postal Chess Director.* It hadn't struck me that a postal game could take 5,000 to 10,000 times longer than a standard one. Later I learned that the finals of the 25th Golden Knights tournament, which began in 1972, are still in progress.



There was nothing slow about my games, however. With one to 11 cards coming in each day, the atmosphere crackled. Letters, bills and checks were pushed aside in my eagerness to get at the cards. These came in several varieties. Some had chessboards emblazoned on the front, with the positions of pieces marked in red and black ink. Some were simple post-office issue. One opponent seemed to have an endless supply of give-away restaurant postcards; another wrote his moves in round, childish letters on lined file cards. Cards, in fact, are so *de rigueur* in postal chess—no envelopes, please—that one opponent, who had always answered moves on the day he received them, apologized for a two-week delay with, "Sorry, I ran out of postcards." That set me to wondering what kind of life a man could lead that would render him unable to pick up a postcard for two weeks. Deep in speculation, I miswrote my next move, getting my game into a mess from which I'm still trying to extricate it 11 months and 43 moves later.

The miswriting of moves plagued me, partly because I'd never studied the chess notation system, blithely assuming that all pieces were designated by their initials, P for pawn, R for rook, etc. This led me to write an intended knight move as "K-B3." Back came, "You've made an impossible move. Please correct." I realized, a bit late, that "K" designated the king, and "N," with lamentable illiteracy, the knight. Had my king legally been able to get to the B3 square, which he was not, K-B3 would have had to stand as my move, my king would have been fatally exposed and I would have had to throw in the S (sponge).

By the fifth or sixth move I had 60-odd cards floating around my desk, and I had to scramble wildly to set up each game when a new move arrived. I had just about decided to get 12 chess sets and keep them permanently on the dining-room table when a more experienced player came up with a solution that didn't require stand-up dining: the Post-A-Log. It's a small, zippered looseleaf notebook holding 12 record sheets and 12 5"-x-5" chessboards made of paper-thin plastic and equipped with stick-on pieces. At any time of the day or night, I could instantly pull out any of my dozen games and go to work. Nirvana for $11.70.

Once securely into the Post-A-Log-a-rhythms, I began to write a few questions

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on the postal cards along with my moves. The responses varied from nil to expansive. Personalities began to emerge, each different from the others and entirely unlike the popular image of the chess player, as exemplified in *The New Yorker* verse by David McCord: "I know what chess boys look like: they have long white beards and gout." The oldest of my "chess boys" was a 45-year-old C.P.A., the youngest, about 15, was the file-card correspondent who dropped out without notice after "18 K-N5."

My most amiable opponent was Donald Heidel, 43, art director of an advertising agency. Asked what he does in real life, he answered, "In real life, I play chess."

There was a graduate student who generously offered to let me take back a move I'd miswritten—I had the decency to refuse—and a feisty computer engineer who asked me to chivvy one of our mutual opponents into answering his moves faster. The most communicative of the lot, and perhaps the highest-ranking player in the bunch, was Roger Morin, who works at a Dunkin' Donuts in Maine. "I've been playing 13 years," he wrote. "In the last few years I've lived in Florida, Ala., N. Carolina, Ohio and Mass. and played chess in all of them. I also played in N. Hampshire, Conn. and Penn. There's not much chess in Maine, so I decided to go postal. I'm playing 27 games right now." Several months later: "I'm now playing 55 games with every expectancy of reaching the top 100 in the U.S. by next year as I'm now co-rated Postal #1 in Maine."

His 55 simultaneous games made my 12 look insignificant, but they were far from a record. According to Joan DuBois, the extraordinarily efficient woman who runs the USCF postal tournaments, "In the past we had a postalite [now there's a term], Dr. Robert Wyller, who claimed he was playing 1,100 games at once. We had a hard time believing it, so we checked our records and found that he was active in approximately 700 games with us; since he played with other postal organizations, he could well be right about his figure of 1,100. Players with the ability to handle that many games are rare. I would estimate that an average postal player handles 30-40 games at once." Dr. Wyller dropped out of postal chess in 1956—perhaps to catch up on eating and sleeping—and cannot be located today. A pity.

Though Dr. Wyller must remain a mystery, at least I've gotten to know most of my opponents—mostly through the mails, of course. On the whole, they've been remarkably responsive, apparently delighted by the chance to discuss their abstruse game. Most of them seldom mention their participation in postal chess to non-players, whose reactions generally leave the players annoyed or paranoid. "My wife doesn't mind my playing," one man wrote, "as long as the chores are done and the neighbors don't know about it." Another wrote, "People react with awe. They think I must be awfully bright. Let's face it: chess, in any form, has a prestige nothing else can match."

Prestige, however, was not the attraction for most of my correspondents. For example, it was "getting the perfect squelch" that most delighted Oliver Taylor, a management analyst for the Office of Management and Budget and former Peace Corps Director in Botswana. "I was playing with a man whose game was clearly lost," Taylor wrote. "He should have resigned weeks earlier, but his cards kept right on coming. Finally I remembered a line chess-club kibitzers often throw at losing players: 'Why should you give up just because your game looks hopeless? Maybe your opponent will have a heart attack.' After my next move, I wrote, 'My physician says my heart is in excellent shape.' Back came his card: '52. P-R6. What does your psychiatrist say?' "

Michael Price, a job developer for the Colorado Mining Council, was attracted by the "leisurely playing conditions." H. Anthony Buczko, an electrical engineer in New Jersey, wrote, "I especially love postal play because of the fine people you get to know all over the country." Several others felt likewise, although none of them had actually met their opponents. One or two disagreed. "I'm not really interested in the people I play," wrote Morin, the Dunkin' Donuts man. "It's the problem of the game I enjoy."

Bruce Nickerson, a Montreal physicist, put postal chess' attraction for him into one word: "Winning." I know just what he means. Whenever my postman delivers a card reading, "I resign," I gloat all day. Especially the day when the USCF notified me that I'd won the first round of one section and was entered in the semifinals, playing six strangers.

My correspondents originally "went postal" for a variety of reasons, some to

continued


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relieve the tedium of army life, some because they couldn't find good chess in their areas, others because heavy schedules or disabilities made it difficult to get to chess clubs. Or impossible, as in the case of prisoners. Prison chess proceeds smoothly under the aegis of Helen Warren, founder of the 1,000-member American Postal Correspondence Tournaments. A player herself, Warren writes so enthusiastically about the game that she might well qualify as the Postal La Pasionaria. She has made postal chess available to scores of inmates in dozens of prisons and wrote in a paper given at the University of Nebraska in 1977, "I have never considered postal chess a luxury . . . not any more than food, or clothing or shelter. I cannot imagine my life without postal chess." She continued by taking the largest postal league tartly to task: "As a non-profit organization, the USCF should re-evaluate its sterile policy toward institutional chess; it should provide opportunity for postal play for inmates . . . make equipment and books available to inmates, and aid in the organizational aspects of inmate chess clubs." Since then the USCF has involved itself in chess for prisoners.

There is a good deal of such interleague sniping among the half dozen postal chess organizations. Within a league, there can also be considerable squabbling and bitter political wrangling. Nevertheless, postal chess has grown steadily since the first league was organized in the U.S. in 1909.

The leagues do manage to work together occasionally to promote international postal chess, which has been on the upswing since airmail made it possible to complete a postal game within a human life span. There are 52 countries and 10,000 players participating, according to the "conservative estimate" of Tyler Kelly, U.S. secretary of the International Correspondence Chess Federation (ICCF).

But not many of the 10,000 players are women. Hanon Russell, lawyer, top-flight player and author of a recent book on postal chess, is convinced that the paucity of women in chess has nothing to do with females lacking aptitude for the game but can be explained by the fact that "girls at the crucial 8-12 age are discouraged from competing." Chess, like ballet, almost invariably must be started early if the player is to have any chance of reaching the top rank.

Nickerson, the Montreal physicist, has quite another view. "Women don't have the inclination, patience or intelligence to play good chess," he says. Most correspondents make a more generous estimate of the female chess potential: they believe that women have been held back by cultural barriers.

Well, there are no barriers holding back this woman. The postman has just delivered the latest round of cards from my semifinal opponents. For the next three days I'm going to be confined by Post-A-Log-Cabin Fever. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 24-30

Compiled by CRAIG NEFF

PRO BASKETBALL—Boston used such a tall lineup against the Knicks that 6' 9" Larry Bird played guard. The result was a 120–106 Celtic win in which Boston out-rebounded New York 56–31. Bird blocked 10 Knick shots and got 23 points and nine assists from Bird. But not even the Celts' eighth victory in nine starts was enough to move second-place Boston any closer to the Atlantic Division leading 76ers, who have won 10 straight and 22 of 23. Philly beat Dallas 108–92 to become the NBA's first 20-game winner, and then edged Houston 101–100 when Julius Erving slapped away a last-second jumper by the Rockets' Allen Leavell. The Sixers also won 116–103 over Portland, whose earlier 126–101 defeat in Boston had been its 15th road loss in a row and 113–93 over Utah. A 1–2 week dropped the Jazz to 3½ games behind Midwest leader San Antonio, which beat Chicago 125–122 and K.C. 106–104, but lost 124–115 to Houston. Moses Malone spearheaded the Rocket victory with 40 points, while Otis Birdsong had 37 in defeat for the Kings. Pacific Division leading Phoenix swept four games to run its record to 21–4, the Suns' best ever at this point of the season. The second-place Lakers stayed within three games of Phoenix with wins over Golden State (128–119) and Denver (124–123). Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who hit only five of 16 field-goal tries in L.A.'s only loss of the week, 110–94 to the Bucks, scored 40 points in the Lakers' victory over the Warriors. Milwaukee retained its Central Division lead despite a 98–89 defeat in Washington that snapped the Bucks' 11-game road winning streak.

BOXING—SUGAR RAY LEONARD regained the WBC welterweight title from Roberto Duran with an eighth-round TKO *(page 24)*.

EDDIE MUSTAFA MUHAMMAD retained his WBA light heavyweight title with a third-round knockout of Rudi Koopmans in Los Angeles.

MATTHEW SAAD MUHAMMAD knocked out Lottie Mwale in the fourth round to retain the WBC light heavyweight title in San Diego.

MAURICE HOPE successfully defended his WBC light middleweight title with a unanimous decision over Carlos Herrera in London.

CARLOS DeLEON won the WBC cruiserweight title from Marvin Camel with a split decision in New Orleans.

CROSS-COUNTRY—SULEIMAN NYAMBUI led Texas-El Paso to its third straight team title by winning the NCAA championship meet in Wichita, Kans., while JON SINCLAIR and MARY SHEA were the men's and women's winners at The Athletics Congress national championships in Pocatello, Idaho *(page 75)*.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Herschel Walker ran for 205 yards and three TDs in Georgia's 38–20 win over Georgia Tech, breaking Tony Dorsett's rushing record for freshmen (1,586 yards) in the process. The Bulldogs finished the regular season as the nation's only major unbeaten-untied team. J.C. Watts ran for four touchdowns in Oklahoma's 63–14 rout of Oklahoma State, while Alabama's freshman Quarterback Walter Lewis set up the go-ahead TD in the Crimson Tide's 34–18 win over Auburn with a 73-yard dash. In three upsets, Texas A&M defeated Texas 24–14, Miami beat Florida 31–7 and Rice won 35–7 over Houston. Elsewhere, Navy beat Army 33–6 to take a 38–37–6 lead in their series and UCLA whipped Oregon State 34–3 in the Mirage Bowl in Tokyo.

PRO FOOTBALL—The Falcons and Cowboys, both now 10–3, virtually sewed up NFC playoff spots with victories and the Rams *(page 32)* moved closer to clinching by winning twice, but the AFC races remained wide open. In defeating the Redskins 10–6, Atlanta looked sluggish—something Dallas clearly wasn't in its 51–7 win over the Seahawks. Seattle's seven turnovers didn't hurt the Cowboys any. Los Angeles dominated both the Saints and the Jets, outgaining New Orleans 393 yards to 96 in a 27–7 victory and rolling up 510 more yards in a 38–13 win over New York. Philadelphia, 11–2 and already assured of making the NFC playoffs, lost for the first time since September. 22–21 to San Diego, which got 342 yards passing from Dan Fouts and field goals of 34, 42 and 45 yards from Rolf Benirschke. In the AFC Central, Cleveland defeated Houston 17–14 on a pair of TD runs by Cleo Miller to take a one-game lead over the Oilers and the Steelers, who triumphed 23–10 over Miami. Both Buffalo and New England lost, leaving the Bills' one-game AFC East lead over the Patriots intact. San Francisco intercepted six Steve Grogan passes while beating New England 21–17 and Baltimore turned an interception and a fumble recovery into touchdowns in a 28–24 win over the Bills. Elsewhere, Dave Williams returned a kickoff 95 yards for a TD on the first play of overtime to give the Bears a 23–17 triumph over Detroit, Otis Anderson ran for 168 yards and two touchdowns in St. Louis' 23–7 victory over the Giants, the Vikings nearly squandered a 23–0 lead in their 23–20 win over New Orleans, Cincinnati ended a five-game losing streak by defeating Kansas City 20–6 and Tampa Bay beat Green Bay 20–17.

HOCKEY—The Flyers went 3–0–1 and increased their lead over the second-place Islanders to three points. After defeating Winnipeg 3–1 on Bob Dailey's two goals, Philly stretched its unbeaten streak against Los Angeles to 25, dating back to 1974, with a 4–2 victory. Tom Gorence clinched the win by scoring twice in the final seven minutes. The Flyers also defeated Colorado 7–4 and played to a 3–3 tie with Vancouver, which moved from seventh place to fifth with a 2–0–2 week. During a 7–4 win over Pittsburgh, the Canucks missed an NHL record by only three seconds when they scored four goals in an 83-second span. Meanwhile the Islanders, with two victories and a tie, stayed a point in front of third-place St. Louis and two ahead of fourth-place L.A. Mike Bossy scored twice in a 4–4 draw with Winnipeg and once in a 5–1 win over Detroit, while Anders Kallur put in the decisive goal in the Isles' 4–3 triumph at Montreal, which lost three straight, all at home. The Blues defeated Buffalo 5–3, Toronto 6–4 and Calgary 9–3 and tied the Jets 1–1, with Wayne Babych getting two goals against the Sabres and two more against the Flames. The league's most prolific scorers, however, remained the Kings' Charlie Simmer and Marcel Dionne at week's end; the two were tied with 45 points each. Chicago had both pain and pleasure, losing 10–3 to Edmonton three nights after beating Hartford 11–3, but Winnipeg knew only pain—the Jets' winless streak reached 20 games, just seven shy of Kansas City's 1976 NHL record.

TENNIS—HANA MANDLIKOVA won the $200,000 Australian Women's Open in Melbourne by beating Wendy Turnbull 6–0, 7–5.

JOSE-LUIS CLERC defeated Rolf Gehring 6–7, 2–6, 7–5, 6–0, 6–3 to win the $175,000 South American Open in Buenos Aires.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: After a 27–7 loss to the Rams dropped the Saints' record to 0–12, New Orleans Coach DICK NOLAN, 48, who was replaced by an assistant, Dick Stanfel, 53. In slightly less than three seasons under Nolan, the Saints were 15–29.

Detroit Red Wing Coach TED LINDSAY, 55, with the Wings' record at 3–14–3; WAYNE MAXNER, 38, was named to replace him.

NAMED: Most Valuable Player in the National League, Phillie Third Baseman MIKE SCHMIDT, 31, whose 48 home runs and 121 RBIs led the league.

The 1980 Heisman Trophy winner, senior Running Back GEORGE ROGERS of South Carolina.

To succeed Dan Devine as Notre Dame football coach, GERRY FAUST, 45, the winner of 173 out of 192 games while coaching Cincinnati's Moeller High School.

RESIGNED: FRANK MALONEY, 40, who coached the Syracuse University football team to a 5–6 record in 1980 and a 32–46 mark over seven seasons.

SIGNED: By the White Sox to a four-year, $3.2 million contract, free agent Outfielder RON LeFLORE, 32, a .292 lifetime hitter who led the National League with 97 stolen bases last season while with the Expos.

DIED: Basketball Coach JOE CIPRIANO, 49, whose teams at Idaho (1960–63) and Nebraska (1963–80) had a combined record of 297–231 and only four losing seasons, of cancer; in Lincoln, Neb.

GEORGE MALOOF, 57, owner of the Houston Rockets and chairman of the New Mexico Horse Racing Commission, of an apparent heart attack, in Albuquerque.

CREDITS

24,26—Neil Leifer—TIME. **28**—Manny Millan. **27**—Tony Triolo—ABC. **28,29**—Walter Iooss Jr. **32,33**—Dick Raphael. **34**—Dick Raphael (top), Richard Mackson. **39**—Andy Hayt. **40**—Andy Hayt (top), Peter Read Miller. **41**—Peter Read Miller. **42**—Peter Read Miller (top), Andy Hayt (2). **58**—courtesy ABC. **60-62**—Tony Tomsic. **65**—Mark Peterstein. **70,72**—Anthony Nasta. **75**—Mickey Pfleger. **79**—Rich Clarkson (top), Mickey Pfleger. **80**—Eric Schweikardt. **83**—Graham Finlayson (top), Tony Triolo. **87**—Peter Read Miller (bottom right).

FACES IN THE CROWD



JERRY KASSANCHUK
MINNEAPOLIS

Kassanchuk, 43, a house husband won the Great American Triathlon in Golden Valley, Minn. with a time of 4:56:05. He ran 15 km in 1:03:28, canoed 10 km in 1:11:52 and bicycled 75 km in 2:40:45 to defeat 46 other competitors.



TAKYI MORGAN
PHILADELPHIA

Takyi, a ninth-grader, scored 18 goals and had seven assists to lead the soccer team at Germantown (Pa.) Friends School to an 11–0 record. In his three years of play, the center-striker scored 49 goals as Germantown won 26 of 27 games.



LINDA ROMERO
PUEBLO, COL.



LORI BUSHYHEAD
TULSA

Linda and Lori won girls' state high-school cross-country titles as freshmen. Linda, who attends Pueblo Central, defeated 170 other runners in the Colorado Class-AAA meet, covering a three-mile course in Pueblo in 18:07.6 to become her state's first freshman champion. Lori led Union High to its fifth consecutive team title by winning the Oklahoma Class-AAA race over 87 other competitors in Tulsa. She completed the two-mile course with a time of 12:34.6.



ANTHONY BYERLY
NEWTON, TEXAS

Anthony, a 6-foot 190-pound junior with 9.8 speed, ran for 2,210 yards and 19 TDs on 256 carries, with a single-game high of 312 yards, to pace Newton High to a 7–2–1 record. As a sophomore he gained 1,250 yards in seven games.



GORDON SINGLETON
NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

Singleton, 24, a salesman and the world's second-rated sprint bicyclist, set outdoor world records for the standing-start 1,000 meters (1:03.82) and the flying 200 (10.58 seconds) and 500 (27.31) in a 24-hour span at time trials in Mexico City.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

COAST-TO-COAST CHALLENGE

Sir.

I really enjoyed Ron Fimrite's ON THE SCENE column in the Nov 24 issue, telling about the Instant Replay bar in Santa Barbara, Calif. But Fimrite says that Instant Replay owner Clyde Bennett has been videotaping teams and showing them on his big screen since April 22 and then adds, "It's questionable if an operation as extensive as Bennett's could succeed anywhere outside of Santa Barbara." Ha! Filthy McNasty's Saloon in beautiful downtown Seneca Falls, N.Y. has been taping teams since early in the spring of 1979. Maybe Seneca Falls isn't Santa Barbara, but I can assure you that our athletes, near-athletes, once-were athletes, never-were athletes and never-will-be athletes enjoy seeing themselves on the big screen as much as anyone in Santa Barbara does.

We hereby challenge the Instant Replay bar to a softball game on a neutral field in, say, Kansas City, the losers to go back to the winners' bar and watch themselves on the big screen

STEPHEN BULL
President
Filthy McNasty's Inc
Seneca Falls, N.Y.

BUCKING THE TIDE

Sir:

Douglas S. Looney's article on Notre Dame (*Notre Dame Had 'Bama Bound*, Nov. 24) was fantastic. The only thing wrong was that SI didn't own up to the fact that it didn't rank the Irish in the Top 20 in its college football preview (Sept. 1). You should have known better. When a Notre Dame coach announces his retirement at the beginning of the season, you can be sure the Irish players will see to it that he leaves with a national championship.

PAUL J. SALEM
Shrewsbury, Mass

Sir.

In my opinion, sportswriting hit a new low when Douglas S. Looney made light of Coach Bear Bryant's willingness to accept the blame when Alabama loses a football game. I am anxiously awaiting the day when Bryant's influence will extend to all coaches and players in the nation, so that they will accept victory or defeat with the same class and good sportsmanship that the Alabama coach and his team do.

DORIS DEAN
Athens, Ala.

Sir:

Unlike Notre Dame's fans, who are behind their coach, win or tie, Crimson Tide fans appreciate what Coach Bryant is contributing to football at Alabama.

Perhaps everyone makes a big deal out of each Alabama defeat because the Tide loses so infrequently. Example: every 'Bama loss or near-loss this season has been covered in an article in SI.

BILL KLING JR.
Huntsville, Ala.

Sir:

Believe me, there's no discontent with Bear Bryant in my part of the state. I don't know how Douglas S. Looney can hear people whispering so well.

RAYMOND YOUNG
Mobile, Ala.

Sir:

As Douglas S. Looney said, there is whispered discontent over Bear Bryant in Alabama. Against Notre Dame, there were many costly mistakes made by the Bear, most of which Looney noted in his story. While the Bear is a living legend, he has proved that nobody's perfect.

RICKY BENTLEY
Huntsville, Ala.

AIRING IT OUT

Sir:

My compliments to Mike DelNagro on his fine article concerning college football's recent shift in thinking (*A Real Breath of Fresh Air*, Nov. 24). The increased emphasis on passing has created a much *more* exciting game. There is, however, one slight flaw in the article. Purdue Quarterback Mark Herrmann did throw for 439 yards on Nov. 8 to set a Big Ten single-game passing record, but that achievement came in three quarters of action against Iowa, not Illinois as you reported. Later the same day, Illinois' Dave Wilson passed for 621 yards in a near-upset of Ohio State, breaking Herrmann's record.

The showdown between Herrmann and Wilson took place three weeks earlier. In that game, Herrmann first set the aforementioned record with 371 yards before being taken out. He then watched from the sidelines as Wilson surpassed it by finishing the day with 425.

THOMAS N. YANKEY
West Lafayette, Ind.

PETROSPORTS

Sir:

I read with interest your story on sports in the Persian Gulf (*The Name of the Game Is Petrosports*, Nov. 17). As a founding member of the United States Sports Academy and as one who has visited Bahrain on several occasions, I commend you on the excellent treatment given to that small, strategically located, rapidly emerging island nation. It would have been very easy for writer J.D. Reed to emphasize the bizarre to the detriment of a fair description of the political-social-economic milieu that has developed as a result of the influx of petrodollars.

Bahrainis are gentle, sensitive, concerned people who view the United States as a friend and ally, although our behavior at the national level often leaves them in doubt about our intentions.

GEORGE E. UHLIG
Dean of the College of Education
University of South Alabama
Mobile, Ala.

Sir:

Is it any wonder that Shaikh Mana "clicks worry beads with one hand and smokes a cigarette with the other" when he has a hockey league of six teams, "made up mostly of specially imported Canadians and Europeans," playing two games a week in a rink that holds only 1,500 spectators? Every NHL team should have a business manager astute enough to make that arrangement pay off. Thank Allah for petrodollars!

J.D. Reed's article is informative on the upsurge in athletic activity in the Gulf states and Saudi Arabia. The Dubai sports complex is a lovely one, but I believe that the hockey league to which Reed refers consists of five teams manned by players from the business community. Per Ake Jonsson and Per Zachrisson of our firm, Gulf Agency Company, participate enthusiastically as members of the Dubai Vikings, a team made up of Swedes. Zachrisson was imported all the way from the neighboring emirate, Sharjah, but he filled the Vikings' need for an "enforcer." Not that he's about to attract any NHL scouts; Zachrisson is 32 and weighs 158 pounds.

Kidding aside, it doesn't hurt to list hockey playing skills on one's resume when applying for a job in Dubai.

NORMAN SCHMIDT
Summit, N.J.

GOOD VIBES

Sir.

Please thank Jack McCallum for letting me reminisce about my boyhood. His article about Electric Football (SHOPWALK, Nov. 24) is so true to life that I vividly recalled playing the game with my brother 15 or 20 years ago. I'd like to add the following comments:

The bases of the figures *could* be interchanged, but our time-tested fix was to tape the "runners" back, which did the trick.

When the vibration motor quit, you couldn't just run out and buy another set, not on a quarter-a-week allowance, so we improvised. We tapped our index fingers along

continued

Stress can rob you of vitamins. And zinc.

What science tells us about stress and vitamins.

Stress is your body's reaction to any physical condition that places an unusual demand on it. When it upsets your nutritional balance, stress—whether due to physical overwork, fad dieting, alcohol, a severe infection or injury—may cause a vitamin depletion.



It's true that certain vitamins are stockpiled in the body for emergency use. But most of the water-soluble vitamins are not. If the extraordinary nutritional demands of stress are prolonged, a deficiency of these vitamins can develop.

The importance of zinc during stress.

Zinc is an essential mineral found in human tissues. It is involved in dozens of the body's biochemical activities, including digestion, respiration, and the normal growth of bone and skin cells. Because zinc requirements have also been found to increase during various forms of stress, it has recently been concluded that there are times when your body may also need more zinc.

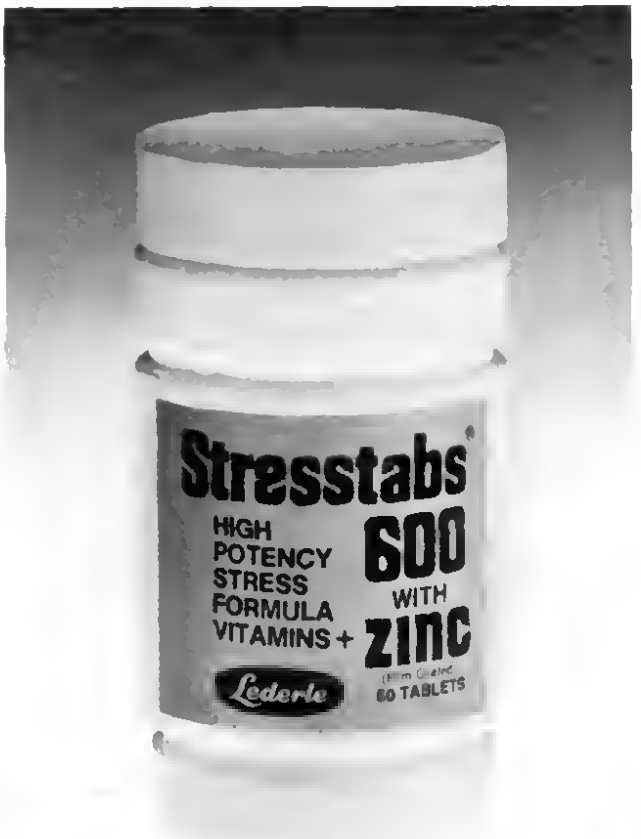
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the sides of the board to get the play started.

As for passing, we had a general ground rule: if springman passed the felt ball to within 10 "yards" (as measured on the game board) of the receiver/defender, it was a reception/interception.

I'm saving my set for my two young sons to play with. I can hardly wait.

AL JACONETTI
Brewster, N.Y.

Sir:

Jack McCallum's article on Electric Football made me vibrate with laughter. I thought I was the only one who ever enjoyed watching "Mean Joe" Reds and Yellows immobilize their own teammates or run perfect circular patterns. I also feel better knowing that someone else spent halftime searching for that little felt football after springman hurled it into the night.

JIM REILLY
Glens Falls, N.Y.

Sir:

Jack McCallum reminded me of some of the stunts I pulled when I played Electric Football. Not only did I keep individual player stats, but I even went so far as to play night games by turning out all the lights and illuminating the field with a desk lamp. My parents thought I had really gone crazy when, to add realism for imaginary Vikings and Bills home games, I sprinkled the field with flour to represent snow.

BILL WELDON
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

The neighborhood I lived in had a league of its own, and whenever the playing field had a breakdown, we would just draw a gridiron on top of the washing machine and turn it on.

KENT SOULE
Bremerton, Wash.

Sir:

My experience with Electric Football goes back a bit further, to the early 1950s, when the players were metal instead of today's plastic. One team was blue, the other gray, but the results were the same.

I saved the men from that early set, and they provided the basis for an interesting comparison when I purchased a more modern version of the game. What would be the result, I wondered, of a match between the modern stars (plastic) and the oldtimers (metal)?

Since the metal players were heavier than the plastic ones, the oldtimers formed an impenetrable flying wedge, which resulted in a touchdown on every play. The oldtimers' "steel curtain" defense made the Pittsburgh Steelers version look like papier-mâché.

CHARLIE DENN
Newport News, Va.

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Kent	11	0.9
Kent 100's	14	1.0
Merit	8	0 6
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Vantage	11	0.8
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